



A HYMN on the Divine Use of MUSICK.

WE Sing to Him whose Wisdom form'd the Ear,
Our Songs, o Thou, who gav'st us Voyces hear:
We joy in God, who is the spring of Mirth,
Whose Love's, the Harmony of Heaven and Earth:
Our Humble Sonnets shall that praise rehearse
Which is the Musick of the Univerſe.

Cho. And whilst we Sing, we Consecrate our ART,
And offer up with every Tongue a Heart.

Thus whilst our Thoughts grow audible in Words,
And Body with the raviſh'd Soul accords,
We hallow Pleasure, and redeem the Voyce
From vulgar uses, to serve Nobler Joyes:
Whilst hollow Wood, and well-Tun'd Strings do give
Praises, the Dumb and Dead both Speak and Live.

Cho. And whilst we Sing, we Consecrate our ART,
And offer up with every Tongue a Heart.

Through cheerful Ayr with quicker wings we fly,
And make our labour sweet with Melody:
Thus we do imitate the Heavenly Chiores,
And with high Notes lift up more rais'd desires:
And that Above we may be sure to know
Our Part, we practice often here below.

Cho. Thus whilst we Sing, we Consecrate our ART,
And offer up with every Tongue a Heart.

This is Composed to Musick
for Three Voyces,
By Mr. John Jenkins.



PSALMS & HYMNS

IN SOLEMN MUSICK

OF FOU'RE PARTS

On the Common-Tunes to the PSALMS in Metre:
Used in PARISH-CHURCHES.

Also Six HYMNS for One Voyce to the ORGAN.

For David King of all the Earth, Sing ye Psalmes with Understanding, Psal. 47. 7.

By JOHN PLAYFORD.

A 3. Voc. S. J. P.

Gloria in Excelsis DEO, in Excelsis DEO.

Cantate Domino Canticum novum, Canticum novum, Gloriæ ejus in Excelsis, in Ecclesia sanctorum.

PSALM CXVI.

Cantate Domino Canticum novum, Cantate Domino, Cantate Domino, Cantate Domino.

A 3. Voc. S. J. P.

Gloria PATRI, & FILIO, & SPIRITUI SANCTO.

London, Printed by W. Godbid for J. Playford, at his Shop in the Inner-Temple. 1671.

Ex Libris Joh. Baptistæ vic. de Kildara.



TO THE
REVEREND, LEARNED and PIOUS;
William Sancroft,
DOCTOR in DIVINITY,
and DEAN of
St. *PAULS LONDON*:

JOHN PLAYFORD
HUMBLY DEDICATETH
as a Testimony of his great Respects
THIS HIS COMPOSITION
OF
SOLEMN MUSICK of FOUR PARTS
TO
PSALMS and HYMNS.



The PREFACE.

MUSICK is a special gift of God, ordained first for his Divine Worship and Service: Secondly, for the delight and solace of Man. Which, as it is agreeable to Nature, so it is allowed by God, as a Temporal blessing, to recreate and cheer men, after long studies and tedious labours in their vocations. Musick hath in all Ages and Countreys been revered and esteemed: By the Jews, for Religion and Divine Worship in the Service of God: By the Grecians and Romans, to induce Virtue; and incite Courage. The ancient Philosophers accounted it an Invention of the Gods, bestowing it on Men, to make them better conditioned than bare Nature afforded, which by the sweet and Harmonious consent, produced from the variety of Sounds, doth by its efficacy and delight move the affections to Virtue: It gently breaths and vents the Mourners Grief, and heightens the Joys of them that are Cheerful. If then God hath granted us so much benefit by the Civil use, undoubtedly the Divine and Spiritual will much more redound to our Internal comfort here, and Eternal joy hereafter. If when we Sing his Praises in his Holy Place we join our Hearts: For to Sing Praises to God is an Angelical office, it is a taste of the first fruits of Heaven, while we are on Earth; as one of our late Poets excellently:

—All that we know
Of what the Blessed do above,
Is, that they Sing, and that they Love.

The Church of God here on Earth hath always allowed it a very honourable share in the Divine Worship and Service: No Science but Musick may enter the doors of the Church, saith Venerable Bede. The Hymns and Psalms of Moses and David, so famous in the Jewish Church, are to this day in use in the Church of Christ. What esteem our blessed Saviour had of them, we may read in St. Matthew 26. 30. where we find Him and his disciples singing an Hymn: which Learned Doctor Hammond judges to have contained all the Psalms from the 112 to the 119, those being very suitable to the Solemnity of the Paschal Lamb. The Disciples of our Lord after Him express likewise the same esteem they had of Singing Praises as an holy Duty. St. James adviseth, chap. 5. v. 13. Is any Afflicted? let him pray. Is any merry? let him sing Psalms. St. Paul, Act. 16. 25. when in Prison, Sang Praises unto God; and in several of his Epistles exhorts the Christians to do the like, Eph. 5. 19. Col. 3. 16. It were too tedious to enumerate the many Encomiums the Ancient Fathers have given of the Musick used in their Times in the Christian Churches. Holy St. Augustine in his Confession, lib. 9. chap. 6. speaks thus on his own Experience: Oh! how I wept at the Hymns and Songs, being vehemently moved with the Voyces, in thy sweet sounding Church: Those Voyces did peirce mine Ears, and Thy truth distilled into my Heart, and thereby was inflamed in me a love of Pietie. And lib. 10. chap. 33. When I remember the tears which I pour'd forth at the Songs of Thy Church, I am now also moved with them, and am more confirmed in my Approbation of Musick in the Church. What the Practice was of the Eastern and Western Churches, even from the days of the Apostles, we find in the Church History, particularly in Sozomenus and Isidorus, and most fully in Peter Martyr. But I think Divine Musick hath such an Universal reputation amongst Mankind, that it hath no Enemies but those whose enmity is no reproach. The Churches beyond the Seas have it at this day in great esteem: Comenius saith, the Bohemian Churches have above 700 Hymns in use, besides the Psalms of David. And now (God be praised) it is restored to its former splendor and use, in these our Churches of England. And very deservedly is Musick so much honour'd by a Church that hath so many Deliverances, so many Mercies to Sing Gods Praises for. And having said thus much of this Heavenly Duty, of Singing the Praises of God, I shall take leave to subjoin a Brief Account of the Original of Singing Psalms in Metre.

The Custom of Singing Psalms had its Original in the Churches of Geneva.
Clement

The PREFACE.

Clement Marriot, Gentleman of the Bed-Chamber to King Francis the First, being Excellent in Poetrie, Translated 50 of Davids Psalms, which being well approved of when he came to Geneva, he Translated the other Hundred, and caused them to be fitted to several Tunes; which thereupon began to be sung in private Houses, and by degrees to be taken up in all the Churches of the French, and other Neighbouring Nations which were of the Reformed Religion: In like manner it had its beginning here in England, soon after the Reformation, about the Year 1550. in the Reign of King Edward the Sixth, Thomas Sternhold, of the County of Hampshire Esq; and of the privy Chamber to King Edward the Sixth, Translated Thirty seven of Davids Psalms into English Metre, leaving the rest to be finished by Mr. John Hopkins, William Whittingham and others; Men whose Piety exceeded their Poetrie: Yet such as it was, it was ranked with the best English Poetrie at that time. The whole Book of Psalms being thus Translated into English Metre, and having apt Tunes set to them, was used and sung only for Devotion in private Families; but soon after by permission, brought into the Churches, being printed and bound up with the Books of Common-Prayer and Bibles, with Allowance to be sung before Morning and Evening Service; and also before and after Sermons: And for many Years, this part of Divine Service was Skillfully and Devoutly performed, with delight and Comfort, by many honest and Religious people; And is still continued in our Churches, but not with that Reverence and Estimation as formerly: Some not affecting the Translation, others not liking the Musick; both, I must confess, need Reforming. Those many Tunes formerly used to these Psalms, which for excellency of Form, Solon Ayre, and suitability to the Matter of the Psalms, are not Inferiour to any Tunes used in Foreign Churches: But at this day the Best, and almost all the Choice Tunes are lost, and out of use in our Churches: nor must we expect it otherwise, when in and about this great City, in above One hundred Parishes, there is but few Parish Clerks to be found that have either Ear or Understanding to set one of these Tunes Musically as it ought to be: It having been a Custom during the late Wars, and since, to Chuse men into such places, more for their Poverty than Skill and Ability; Whereby this part of Gods Service hath been so ridiculously performed in most places, that it is now brought into Scorn and Derision by many People: God in his good time move the Hearts of those whom it concerns hereafter, to Chuse such men as may perform this duty to his Glory and the Honour of our Religion. As it is well set forth in this Hymn of Mr. George Herbert.

Cho. Let all the World, in ev'ry corner Sing, My God and King.

<p>Ver. The Heav'ns are not too high, His Praise may thither fly: The Earth is not too low, His Praises there may grow.</p>	}	<p>Ver. The Church with Psalms must shout, No Door can keep them out: But above all, the Heart Must bear the chiefest part.</p>
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Cho. Let all the World, in ev'ry corner Sing, My God and King.

Therefore through the Assistance of Almighty God, I have undertaken the Publication of this Work, hoping it will in some measure restore this part of Gods Service to its former Honour and Esteem, and be useful to many well disposed and Harmonious Christians. Herein I have selected all the best and choicest Tunes that have been formerly used to the Psalms in Metre, both the Short and Long Tunes, to the Number of Forty seven, setting all these Tunes to their proper and usual Hymns and Psalms, with variety of Translations to every Tune: The Common Tunes are all Printed in the Tenor Part, and in their proper Key, with the Bass under each Tune, as convenient to be sung to an Organ, Lute, or Viol. And to have this Musick more full and Solemn, I have Compos'd to them two other Parts, viz. two Contratenors. All Four Parts moving together, being Compos'd to Mens Voyces, and each Part in such a Compass of Notes as may be performed with ordinary Voyces: And in such places where there is Treble Voyces, these may Sing the Tenor or Common Tunes. All which, to the best of my Skill, I have endeavour'd to make as plain and useful as so Solemn a Work doth require. Nor have I followed the Method of any Books of this Kind, formerly published: Those whose Curiosity desire Satisfaction in this particular, may by a small trial of both, soon find the difference.

The PREFACE.

Lastly, as to the Choice of the Translations of these Select Psalms and Hymns, the Psalms are most of the Common Translation, such as were used to these Tunes; yet with the advantage of some small Amendments in some places: For I must Confess no Seber and Serious Christian can look on this Translation but with sorrow and pity, that so Heavenly and Divine a part of Scripture should be wrapt up in such Course and Threadbare Language: But its Antiquity and Long use in our Churches, hath taken such deep Root in the Memories of the Common sort of People, that it will be of some difficulty to pluck it up and plant a better: Many have attempted it by their more refin'd translations, but as yet none of them received into publick use; amongst which, Two lately published, viz. one by the Right Reverend Pious and Learned Dr. Henry King late Lord Bishop of Chichester, (whose memory, as obliged, I ever Honour.) The other by that worthy Gentleman, Mr. Miles Smith, yet Living: Both these Translations of the Psalms into Metre, for Elegancy of Style, Smoothness of Language, and suitability to the Musical Tunes, far excell the former; and it were to be wished, that one of these Translations, (if Authority thought fit,) might be allowed and used in our Churches: And this may be easily done, It being the custom at this time for the Clerk to read every Line to the People before it is Sung; who may without any disturbance, Inform the Congregation, that according to a more refin'd Translation, they are to sing such a Psalm, the Common Tunes agreeing exactly to these as they did to the old.

Wherefore some few Psalms out of these two Translations I have made use of in this Book; and some other excellent Translations of several Psalms which were never printed till now. To those which are Bishop Kings there is H. K. Those of Mr. Smiths, M. S. Those with G. H. are supposed to be Mr. George Herberts: Most of the Hymns were Collected out of an unknown (but no doubt a Pious and Religious) Author. The Work as it is (I hope) may be of double Use to those who have skill to Sing, and to others who have not, to read these excellent and Divine Poems: Yet notwithstanding all this my Study, Care and Pains, I must not hope to escape the Common portion of all that come in print; that is, to feel the lash of some Cenforious Criticks, who seek to gain credit to themselves by disparaging others. But this Book which I now adventure to publish, hath been perused by the most knowing men in this Divine Science; and upon their Judgements I shall not fear to recommend it to the World: Yet as it is, it is not wholly perfect; for I have done but one half in Setting the Musick, which yet remains but as a dead letter: It being your part to Complete it, and to add life to its Harmonious Body, by your sweet According Voyces, singing the same in perfect Tune and Time, which is the Soul of Musick. That we may all so do, God grant us his grace so to Sing his Praises in Hymns and Psalms and Spiritual Songs here on Earth, that hereafter in Heaven we may sing Hallelujahs in the blessed Choir of Saints and Angels.

Which is the hearty prayer of him

who is a Friend and Wellwisher

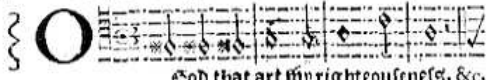
to all true Lovers of this Divine and

Heavenly Science of Musick.

JOHN PLAYFORD.

A TABLE of the first Line of all the several Tunes to the Psalms and Hymns contained in this Book.

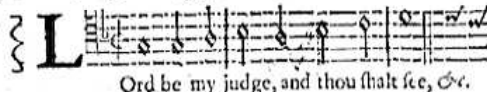
A Table of the short Tunes of Four Lines, whose measure is to Eight Syllables on the first Line, and Six in the next.

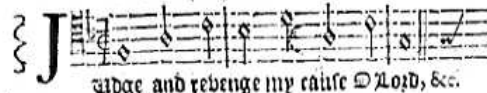
Oxford Tune.
Psalm IV.
Page 18. 

Litchfield Tune.
Psalm VIII.
Page 22. 


Canterbury Tune.
Psalm XXIII.
Page 26. 


Southwell Tune.
Psalm XXV.
Page 28. 


Worcester Tune.
Psalm XXVI.
Page 30. 

Torke Tune.
Psalm XLIII.
Page 34. 

ELY Tune.
Psalm LXI.
Page 38. 

Winchester Tune.
Psalm LXXXIV.
Page 48. 

St. Davids Tune.
Psalm XCV.
Page 52. 

St. Maryes Tune.
Psalm CIII.
Page 56. 

Cambridge Tune.
Psalm CXVII.
Page 66. 

The TABLE.

Lincolne Tune.
Pfal. CXXVI.
Page 71.

H Ad not the Lord been on our side, &c.

Windfor Tune.
Pfal. CXXXI.
Page 76.

O Lord I am not puff'd in mind, &c.

Hereford Tune.
Pfal. CXXXIII.
Page 77.

O How hap-py a thing it is, &c.

Cambridge short
Tune.
Pfal. CXXXIV.
Page 67.

B Hold and have regard, &c.

Westminster Tune.
Pfal. CXL.
Page 80.

O Lord upon thee do I call, &c.

Martyrs Tune.
Pfal. CXLV.
Page 82.

T See wilt I laud my God and King, &c.

Exeter Tune.
Pfal. CXLVI.
Page 84.

M y soul praise thou the Lord always, &c.

London Tune.
Pfal. CL.
Page 88.

P Raise ye the Lord your Songs address, &c.

A TABLE of the Short Tunes of Four Lines whose Metre is
Eight Syllables on each Line.

Veni Creator.
Page 1.

C Ome Holy Ghost our souls inspire, &c.

Pfal. VI.
Page 20.

R Ebuke me not in wrath, O Lord, &c.

Pfal. C.
Page 54.

A LL people that on earth do dwell, &c.

Pfal. CIV.
Page 58.

M y soul the great Gods praises sing, &c.

The TABLE.

Pfal. CXXI.
Page 70.

U P to the hills I lift mine eyes, &c.

Pfal. CXXV.
Page 72.

T hose that do put their confidence, &c.

A Hymn for
Good-Friday.
Page 89.

S EE sinful soul, thy Saviours suff'ring see, &c.

A Table of the first Line of all the several long Tunes, or Eight Line
Tunes to the Psalms and Hymns Contained in this Book.

Pfal. I.
Page 10.

T he man is blest that hath not bent, &c.

Pfal. III.
Page 12.

O Lord how are my foes encreas'd, &c.

Pfal. XVIII.
Page 24.

O God my strength and fortitude, &c.

Pfal. XXX.
Page 32.

A LL laud and praise with heart and voice, &c.

Pfal. LI.
Page 36.

O Lord con-si-der my distress, &c.

Pfal. LXVIII.
Page 40.

L Et God arise and then his foes, &c.

Pfal. LXXI.
Page 42.

M y Lord my God in all distress, &c.

Pfal. LXXVII.
Page 44.

I With my voice to God do cry, &c.

Pfal. LXXXI.
Page 46.

B e light and glad in God rejoice, &c.

The TABLE.

Psal. LXXXVI.
Page 30.

L O Lord bow thine ear to my request, &c.

Psal. CXII.
Page 80.

T he man is blest that God doth fear, &c.

Psal. CXIII.
Page 62.

Y e Children which do serve the Lord, &c.

Psal. CXVI.
Page 64.

I Love the Lord, because my voice, &c.

Psal. CXIX.
Page 68.

Blessed are they that perfect are, &c.

Psal. CXXX.
Page 74.

L ord to thee I make my moan, &c.

Psal. CXXXVII.
Page 78.

W hen as I sate in Ba-by-lon, &c.

Psal. CXLVIII.
Page 86.

G o laud un-to the Lord, &c.

Veni Creator.
Page 2.

C ome Holy Ghost eternal God, &c.

Te Deum.
Page 4.

W e Praise thee God, we daily bleſs &c.

Magnificat.
Page 6.

M y soul doth magnifie the Lord, &c.

Nunc Dimittis.
Page 8.

N o W lettest Thou Thy servant, Lord, &c.

Here endeth the Table of the Tunes.

A. 4. Voc. Veni Creator. TENOR, or Common Tune.

J. Playford.

C ome Holy Ghost, our souls inspire And lighten with celestial fire:

Thou The Anointing Spirit art, Who dost Thy seven-fold gifts impart.

Thy blessed Unction from above
Is Comfort, Life, and Fire of Love:
Enable with perpetual Light
The dulness of our blinded sight.

Teach us to know the Father, Son
And Thee of both to be but One:
That through the Ages all along
This still may be our endless song:

Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy grace.
Keep far our foes, keep peace at home:
Where Thou art guide no ill can come.

Praise to Thy Eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.
Hale-lu-jah Hale-lu-jah
Hale-lu-jah Hale-lu-jah.

A. 4. Voc. Veni Creator.

ALTUS.

J. Playford.

C ome Holy Ghost, our souls inspire And lighten with celestial fire:

Thou The Anointing Spirit art, Who dost Thy seven-fold gifts impart.

A. 4. Voc. Veni Creator.

CONTRATENOR.

J. Playford.

C ome Holy Ghost, our souls inspire And lighten with celestial fire:

Thou The Anointing Spirit art, Who dost Thy seven-fold gifts impart.

A. 4. Voc. Veni Creator.

BASSUS.

J. Playford.

C ome Holy Ghost, our souls inspire And lighten with celestial fire:

Thou The Anointing Spirit art, Who dost Thy seven-fold gifts impart.

B

Come Holy Ghost, Eternal God, proceeding from above,
Both from the Father and the Son, the God of peace and love.
Visit our minds, into our hearts thy heavenly grace inspire,
That truth and godliness we may pursue with full desire.

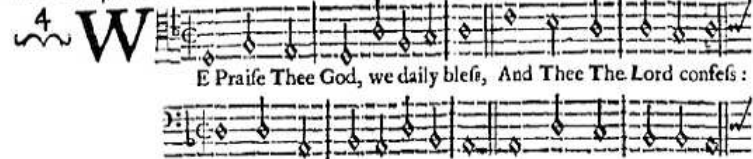
2. Thou art the very Comforter in grief and all distress:
The heavenly gift of God most high,
no tongue can it express.
The fountain and the living spring
of joy celestial:
The fire so bright, the love so sweet,
the unction spiritual.
3. Thou in thy gifts art manifold,
by them Christs Church doth stand:
In faithful hearts thou writest thy
the finger of Gods hand. (law,
According to thy promise, Lord,
thou givest speech with grace,
that through thy help Gods praises
resound in every place. (may)
4. O Holy Ghost, into our minds
send down the heavenly light:
kindle our hearts with fervent zeal,
to serve God day and night.
Our weakness strengthen and confirm
(for Lord, thou knowest us frail)
That neither devil, world nor flesh
against us may prevail.
5. Put back our enemies far from us,
and help us to obtain
peace in our hearts with God and
(the best, the truest gain;)

And grant that thou being, O Lord,
our leader and our guide,
We may escape the snares of sin,
and never from thee slide. (grace,
6. Such measures of thy powerful
grant, Lord, to us we pray,
That thou mayst be our comforter
at the last dreadful day.
Of strife and of dissension
dissolve, O Lord, the bands,
And knit the knots of peace and love,
Throughout all Christian bands.
7. Grant us the grace that we may
the Father of all might, (know
that we of thy beloved Son
may gain the blissful sight:
And that we may with perfect faith
ever acknowledge thee,
The Spirit of Father, and of Son,
one God in persons three. (praise,
8. To God the Father, land and
and to his blessed Son,
And to the holy Spirit of grace,
Co-equal thee in one.
And pray we that our only Lord
would please his Spirit to send
On all that shall profess his name,
from hence to the worlds end.

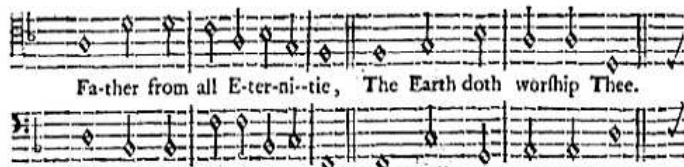
Come Holy Ghost, Eternal God, proceeding from above,
Both from the Father and the Son, the God of peace and love.
Visit our minds, into our hearts thy heavenly grace inspire,
That truth and godliness we may pursue with full desire.

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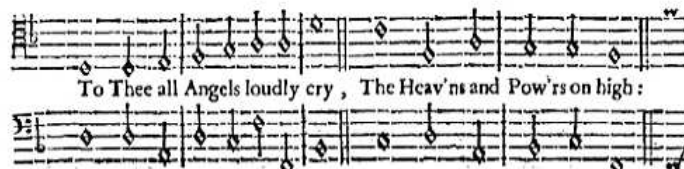
Come Holy Ghost, Eternal God, proceeding from above,
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Visit our minds, into our hearts thy heavenly grace inspire,
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E Praise Thee God, we daily bleſs, And Thee The Lord confeſs:



Fa-ther from all E-ter-ni-tie, The Earth doth worſhip Thee.



To Thee all Angels loudly cry, The Heav'ns and Pow'rs on high:



To Thee Cherubs and Seraphims Sing their in-ceſ-ſant Hymns.

O Holy Holy Holy Lord,
Thou God of Hoſts ador'd,
Thy Maſteſty and Glory ſtill
Both Earth and Heaven fill.
Thee the Apoſtles glorious Quire
The Prophets Thee admire:
The Martyrs Noble Army raiſe
Bleſt Anthems in thy praiſe.

The Holy Church doth knowledg Thee
Father of Maſteſty:
Thy true and only Son, the great
Moſt Holy Paraclet.
Thou art, O Chriſt, of Glory King,
The Father Equalling:
Yet didſt not, when to ſave us came,
Diſdain the Virgins wombe.

When thou the ſharpeſs of Deaths ſting
O'recam'ſt by ſuffering,
Heav'ns open'd kingdom thou didſt give,
To all that Thee believe.

(whom
Thou ſit'ſt at Gods right hand, from
Thou wilt to Judge us come:
Accompliſh then thy ſervants good,
Bought with thy precious Blood.

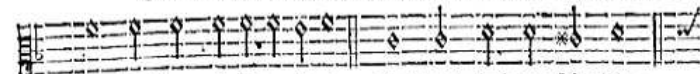
Amongſt thy Saints in glory crown'd
Let them be number'd found:
Lord ſave thy people from miſchance,
Bleſs thine Inheritance:
Govern and liſt them up to bliſs
Which true and endleſs is.
We day by day extoll Thy fame,
Still worſhipping Thy Name.

Vouchſafe this day which now begins
To keep us without ſins:
Have mercy upon us, O Lord,
Thy helping grace aſſord.
Lord, as our hopes on Thee depend,
Thy mercy on us ſend.
O Lord in Thee I truſted have,
Me from confuſion ſave.

H. E.



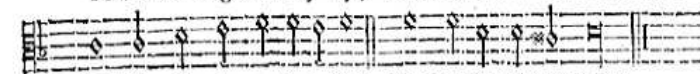
E Praise Thee God, we daily bleſs, and Thee The Lord confeſs:



Fa-ther from all E-ter-ni-tie, the Earth doth worſhip Thee.



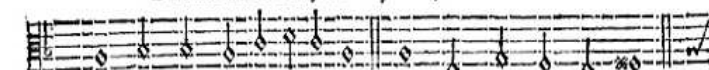
To Thee all Angels loudly cry, the Heav'ns and Pow'rs on high:



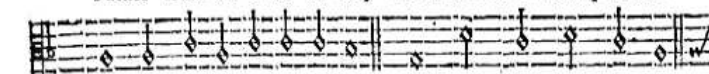
To Thee Cherubs and Seraphims ſing their in-ceſ-ſant Hymns.



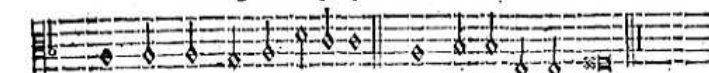
E Praise Thee God, we daily bleſs, and Thee The Lord confeſs:



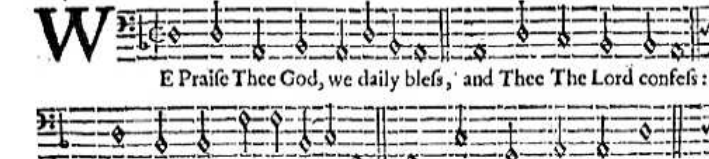
Father from all E-ter-ni-tie, the Earth doth worſhip Thee.



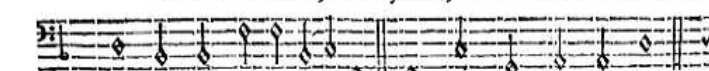
To Thee all Angels loudly cry, the Heav'ns and Pow'rs on high:



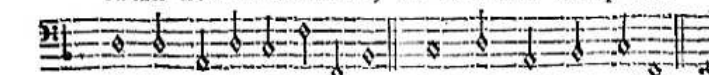
To Thee Cherubs and Seraphims ſing their in-ceſ-ſant Hymns.



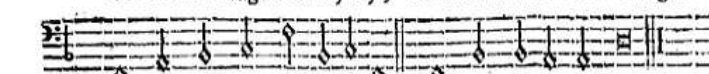
E Praise Thee God, we daily bleſs, and Thee The Lord confeſs:



Fa-ther from all E-ter-ni-tie, the Earth doth worſhip Thee.



To Thee all Angels loudly cry, the Heav'ns and Pow'rs on high:



To Thee Cherubs and Seraphims ſing their in-ceſ-ſant Hymns.

D

A. 4. Voc. Magnificate. TENOR, or Common Tune. J. Playford.

MY Soul doth magnifie the Lord, my Spirit doth record

In her re-joy-cing Songs the Pow'r of God my Sa-vi-our:

For he re-gard-ed hath of late his Hand-maids low estate:

Behold all Generations shall henceforth me Blessed call.

Behold all Generations shall henceforth me Blessed call.

Behold all Generations shall henceforth me Blessed call.

For he great things for me hath done,
Blest be his Name alone:
His mercies through all Times appear
to those which him do fear.
He with his arm much strength hath shew'd
to scatter all the proud:
He puts the Mighty from their seat,
and makes the Humble great.

The Hungry he hath fill'd with food,
and giv'n them all things good:
But he the Rich, whom pleasures sway,
hath empty sent away.
His mercy he remembred hath,
to help his Servants faith:
As he to Abraham decreed,
and his Elected seed.

Glory to God the Father be,
glory to God the Son:
Glory to God the Holy Ghost,
mysterious Three in One.
As at the first it was, is now,
and shall for ever be,
When this world ends, and the next world
puts on Eternitie.

A Hymn for Sunday.
BEhold we come, dear Lord, to thee,
and bow before thy throne:
We come to offer on our knee
our vows to thee alone.
What e're we have, what e're we are,
thy bounty freely gave:
Thou dost us here in mercy spare,
and wilt hereafter save.

But O, can all our Store afford
no better gifts for thee?
Thus we confess thy riches, Lord,
and thus our povertie.
'Tis not our tongue, or knee can pay
the mighty debt we owe:
Far more we should, than we can say,
far lower than we bow.

Come then, my Soul, bring all thy pow'r
and grieve thou hast no more:
Bring every day thy choicest hours,
and thy great God adore.
But, above all, prepare thy heart
on this his own Blest day,
In its sweet task, to bear thy part,
and sing, and love, and pray.

A. 4. Voc. Magnificate. ALTUS. J. Playford.

MY Soul doth magnifie the Lord, my Spirit doth record

In her re-joy-cing Songs the Pow'r of God my Sa-vi-our:

For he re-gard-ed hath of late his Hand-maids low estate:

Behold all Generations shall henceforth me Blessed call.

A. 4. Voc. Magnificate. CONTRATENOR. J. Playford.

MY Soul doth magnifie the Lord, my Spirit doth record

In her re-joy-cing Songs the Pow'r of God my Sa-vi-our:

For he re-gard-ed hath of late his Hand-maids low estate:

Behold all Generations shall henceforth me Blessed call.

A. 4. Voc. Magnificate. BASSUS. J. Playford.

MY Soul doth magnifie the Lord, my Spirit doth record

In her re-joy-cing Songs the Pow'r of God my Sa-vi-our:

For he re-gard-ed hath of late his Hand-maids low estate:

Behold all Generations shall henceforth me Blessed call.

A. 4. Voc. Nunc dimittis. TENOR, or Common Tune. J. Playford.

NOW lettest thou thy servant Lord, according to thy Word,
Depart in peace, for now mine eyes see thy sal-va-tion rise:
Which thou prepar'dst in all mens sight to be the Gentiles light;
And crown with glories which excell thy people If-ra-el. H. K.

Another Translation.

Lord, let thy servant now in peace
unto the grave descend,
Since thine Eternal Word is come
unto the promis'd end.
For, with joy-ravish'd eyes have I
beheld thy saving grace,
Which thou, in mercy, hast prepar'd
before all peoples face.

A light, the Gentiles to inlight,
that in dark error dwell:
The glory of the happy Tribes
of faithful Israel.
To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
immortal glory be:
As was, is now, and shall be still
to all eternitie.

M. S.

A HYMN.
MT God, had I my breath from thee,
this pow'r to speak and sing,
And shall my voice, and shall my song
praise any but their King?
My God, I had my soul from thee,
this pow'r to judge and chuse:
And shall my brain, and shall my will
their best to thee refuse?

Alas! not this alone, nor that,
hast thou bestow'd on me:
But all I have, and all I hope,
I have, and hope from thee.
And more I have, and more I hope
than I can speak or think:
Thy blessings first refresh, then fill,
then overflow the brink.

But though my voice and fancy be
too low to reach thy praise,
Yet both extoll thy glorious name
as high as they can raise.
All glory, honour, power and praise
to the mysterious Three,
As at the first beginning was,
may now and ever be.

A. 4. Voc. Nunc dimittis. ALTUS. J. Playford.

NOW lettest thou thy servant Lord, according to thy Word,
Depart in peace, for now mine eyes see thy sal-va-tion rise:
Which thou prepar'dst in all mens sight to be the Gentiles light;
And crown with glories which excell thy people If-ra-el.

A. 4. Voc. Nunc dimittis. CONTRATENOR. J. Playford.

NOW lettest thou thy servant Lord, according to thy Word,
Depart in peace, for now mine eyes see thy sal-va-tion rise:
Which thou prepar'dst in all mens sight to be the Gentiles light;
And crown with glories which excell thy people If-ra-el.

A. 4. Voc. Nunc dimittis. BASSUS. J. Playford.

NOW lettest thou thy servant Lord, according to thy Word,
Depart in peace, for now mine eyes see thy sal-va-tion rise:
Which thou prepar'dst in all mens sight to be the Gentiles light;
And crown with glories which excell thy people If-ra-el.

T He man is blest that hath not bent to wicked read his ear:
Nor led his life as sinners doe, nor late in scorners chair:
But in the law of God the Lord doth set his whole delight,
And in that law doth exercise himself both day and night.

He shall be like the Tree that grows
fast by the river side,
Which bringeth forth most pleasant fruit
in her due time and tide.
Whose leaf shall never fade nor fall,
but flourish still and stand:
Even so all things shall prosper well
that this man takes in hand.

So shall not the ungodly men,
they shall be nothing so:
But as the dust which from the earth
the wind drives to and fro.
Therefore shall not the wicked men
in judgment stand upright:
Nor yet the sinners with the just
shall come in place of sight.

For why? the way of godly men
unto the Lord is known:
And eke the way of wicked men
shall quite be overthrowen.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
all glory be therefore:
As in beginning was, is now,
and shall be evermore.

Another Translation.
T Hat man hath perfect blessednes
who walketh not astray
In counsel of ungodly men,
nor stands in sinners way:
Nor sitteth in the scorners chair,
but placeth his delight
Upon Gods law, and meditates
on that, both day and night.

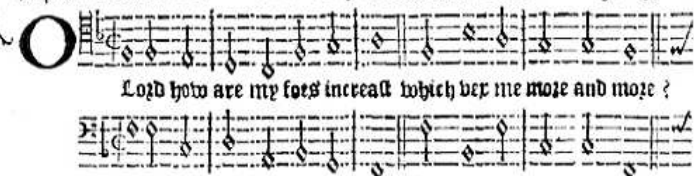
He shall be like a tree that grows
and flourish by a river;
Which in its season yields his fruit,
and his leaf fadeth never:
And all he doth shall prosper well
The wicked are not so,
But are like unto the chaff
which wind drives to and fro.

In judgment therefore shall not stand
such as ungodly are,
Nor in th' assembly of the just
shall wicked men appear.
For why? the way of godly men
unto the Lord is known:
Whereas the way of wicked men
shall quite be overthrowen.

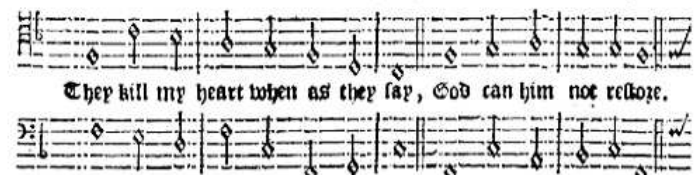
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Nor led his life as sinners doe, nor late in scorners chair.
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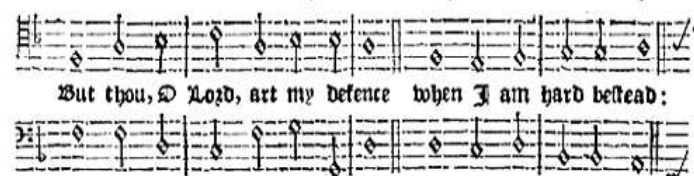
T He man is blest that hath not bent to wicked read his ear:
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And in that law doth exercise himself both day and night.



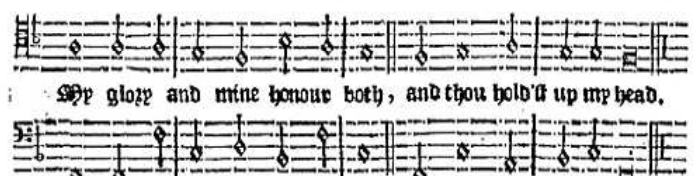
Lord how are my foes increas'd which vex me more and more ?



They kill my heart when as they say, God can him not restore.



But thou, O Lord, art my defence when I am hard beset :



My glory and mine honour both, and thou hold'st up my head.

Then with my hope upon the Lord
I did both call and cry :
And he out of his holy hill
did hear me specially.
I laid me down, and quietly
I slept, and rose again :
for why I know assuredly,
the Lord will me sustain.

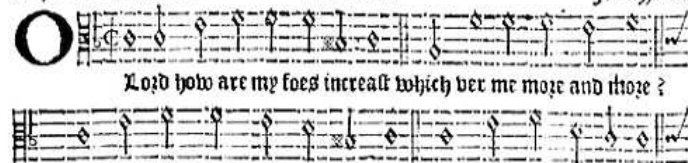
If ten thousand had bein'd me in
I could not be afraid :
for thou art still my Lord and God,
my Saviour and mine aid.
Arise up therefore, save me, my God,
for now to thee I call :
for thou hast broke the cheeks and teeth
of these wicked men all.

Salvation only both belong
to thee, O Lord above :
Thou dost bestow upon thy folk
thy blessing and thy love.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
all glory be therefore :
As in beginning was, is now,
and shall be evermore.

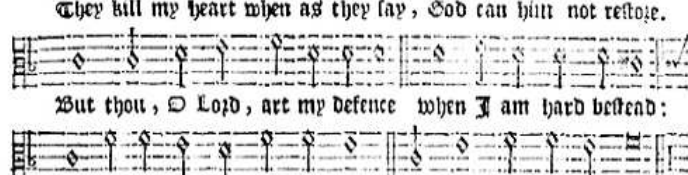
Another Translation.
HOW are my foes increased, Lord?
many are they that rise
Against me, saying, for my soul
no help in God there is.
But thou, O Lord, art still the shield
of my deliverance :
Thou art my glory, Lord, and he
that doth my head advance.

I cry'd unto the Lord, he heard
me from his holy hill :
I laid me down and slept, I wak'd ;
for God sustain'd me still.
Aided by him, I will not fear
ten thousand enemies :
Nor all the people round about,
that can against me rise.

Arise, O Lord, and rescue me ;
save me, my God, from thrall :
For thou upon the cheek-bone smit'st
mine adversaries all.
And thou hast brok th'ungodly's teeth:
Salvation unto thee
Belongs, O Lord, thy blessing shall
upon thy people be. G.H.



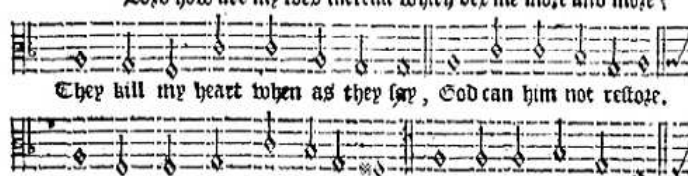
Lord how are my foes increas'd which vex me more and more ?



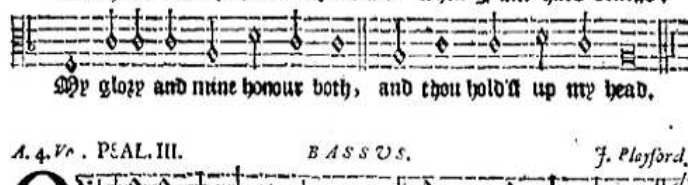
They kill my heart when as they say, God can him not restore.



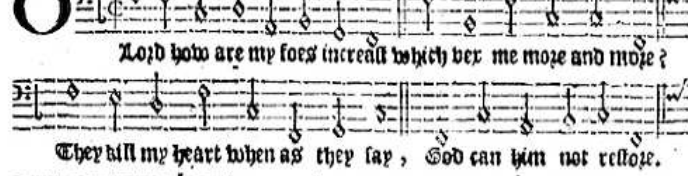
But thou, O Lord, art my defence when I am hard beset :



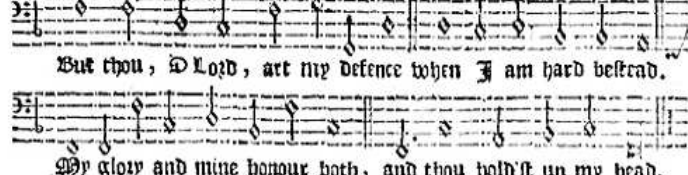
My glory and mine honour both, and thou hold'st up my head.



Lord how are my foes increas'd which vex me more and more ?

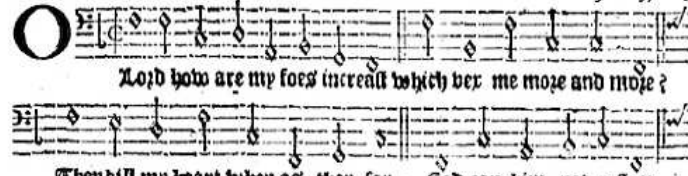


They kill my heart when as they say, God can him not restore.

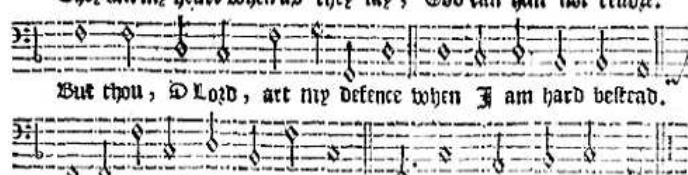


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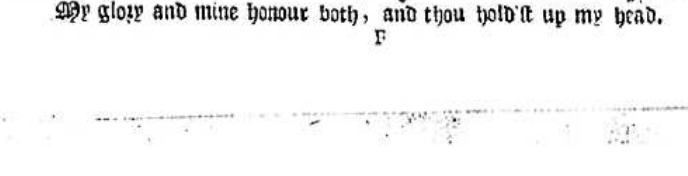
My glory and mine honour both, and thou hold'st up my head.



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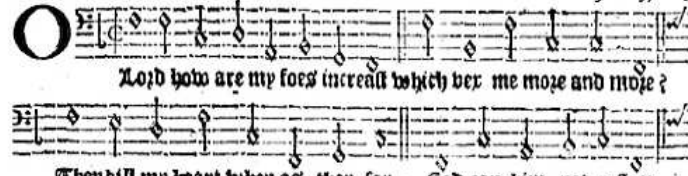


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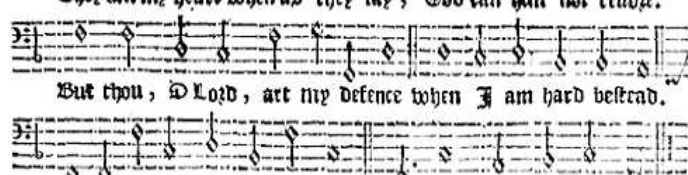


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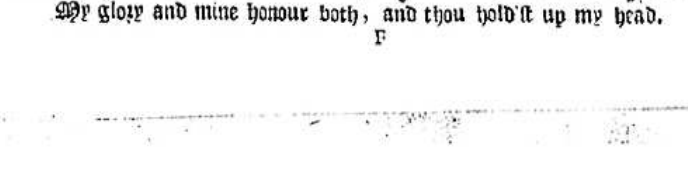
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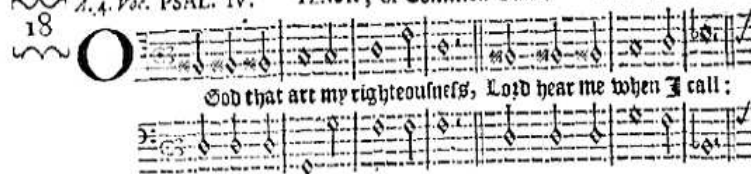


They kill my heart when as they say, God can him not restore.



But thou, O Lord, art my defence when I am hard beset :

My glory and mine honour both, and thou hold'st up my head.



Have mercy Lord therefore on me,
and grant me my request:
For unto thee incessantly,
to cry I will not rest.

O mortal men how long will ye
my glory thus despise?
Why wander ye in vanitie,
and follow after lies?

Know ye that god and godly men
the Lord doth take and chuse:
And when to him I make my plaint,
he doth me not refuse.

Sin not, but stand in awe therefore,
examine well your heart:
And in your chamber quietly
see you your selves convert.

Offer to God the sacrifice
of righteousness, I say:
And look that in the living Lord
you put your trust alway.

The greater sort crave worldly goods,
and riches do embrace:
But Lord grant us thy countenance,
thy favour and thy grace.

For thou thereby shalt make my heart
more joyful and more glad
Then they that of their coin and wine
full great increase have had.

In peace therefore lie down will I,
taking my rest and sleep:
For thou only wilt me, O Lord,
alone in safety keep.

Another Translation.
Lord hear me when I call on Thee,
Lord of my righteousness:
O thou that hast enlarged me
when I was in distress.

Have mercy on me Lord, and hear
the Prayer that I frame:
How long will ye, vain men, convert
my glory into shame?

How long will ye seek after lies,
and vanity approve?
But know the Lord himself doth chuse
the righteous man to love.

The Lord will harken unto me
when I his grace implore:
O learn to stand in awe of him,
and sin not any more.

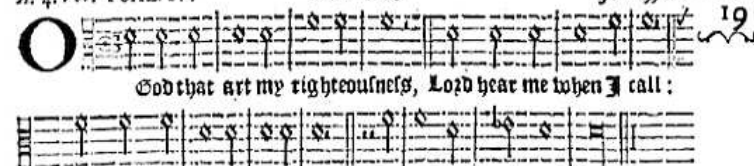
Within your chamber try your hearts,
offer to God on high
The sacrifice of righteousness,
and on his grace rely.

Many there are that say, O who
will shew us good? But Lord,
Thy countenances cheering light
do thou to us afford.

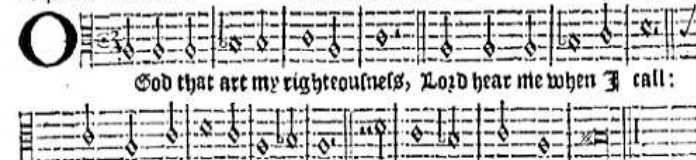
For that, O Lord, with perfect joy
shall more replenish me, (store
Then worldlings joy'd with all their
of corn and wine can be.

Therefore will I lie down in peace,
and take my restful sleep:
For thy protection, Lord, alone
shall me in safety keep.

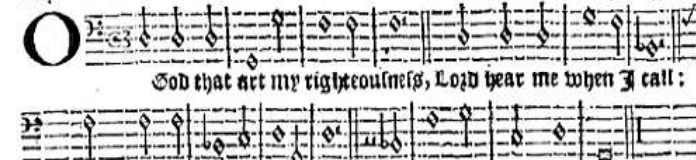
G. H.



Thou hast set me at li-ber-tie when I was bound and thral.



Thou hast set me at li-ber-tie when I was bound and thral.



Thou hast set me at li-ber-tie when I was bound and thral.

A Hymn to this Tune.

On Worldly Delights.

Why do we seek Felicitie
where 'tis not to be found,
And not, dear Lord, look up to Thee,
where all Delights abound?

Why do we seek for treasure here
on this false barren sand,
Where nought but empty shells appear,
and marks of shipwreck stand?

O World! how little do thy joys
concern a Soul that knows
It self not made for such low toys
as thy poor hand bestows?

How cross art thou to that design
for which we had our birth?
Us, who were made in Heaven to shine
thou bow'st down to thy Earth:

Nay to thy Hell, for thither sink
all that to thee submit:
Thou strew'st some flowers on the brink
to drown us in the pit.

World, Take away thy Tynfil wares
that dazle here our eyes:
Let us go up above the stars,
where all our treasure lies.

The way we know our dearest Lord
himself is gone before,
And has engag'd his faithful Word
to open us the dore.

But, O my God, reach down thy hand,
and take us up to Thee,
That we about thy Throne may stand,
and all thy glory see.

F 2

20 A. 4. Voc. PSAL. VI. TENOR, or Common Tune, J. Playford.

R Ebuke me not in wrath, O Lord, nor in thine anger chasten me :

O pity me! for I (O Lord) am nothing but In-fir-mi-tie.

O heal me, for my bones are vex'd,
my Soul is troubled very sore;
But, Lord, how long so much perplex'd
shall I in vain thy Grace implore?

Return, O God! and rescue me,
my Soul for thy great mercy save;
For who in death remember Thee?
or who shall praise Thee in the grave.

With groaning I am wearied,
all night I make my Couch to swim;
And water with salt tears my Bed,
my sight with sorrow waxeth dim.

My beauty wears and doth decay
because of all mine Enemies;
But now from me depart away
all ye that work Iniquities.

For God himself hath heard my cry;
the Lord, vouchsafes to weigh my
Yea he my prayer from on high,
and humble supplication hears.

And now my foes the Lord will blame
that er't so forely vexed me,
And put them all to utter shame,
and to confusion suddainly.

Glory, Honour, Power and praise
to the most Glorious Trinity:
At the first beginning was,
is now, and to Eternity.

G. H.

Another Psalm to this Tune.

Psalm 57.

BE merciful (O God) to me;
Whose Soul doth only trust in thee;
To thy wings shadow will I hast
Till these Calamities be past.

My cry to God I will advance,
who alway sends deliverance;
His mercy saves me from their pow'r
who would both life and fame devour.

My Soul 'mongst Lyons is untam'd,
ev'n Sons of men with hate enflam'd,
Whose teeth are spears & darts, whose words
more piercing, & more sharp than sword.

O God! above the Earth, or Sky,
exalted be thy Majesty;
For my griev'd Soul they Nets prepare,
but in their own pits fallen are.

My heart (O God,) my heart is fix'd,
I'll Anthem sing with Praises mixt;
Awake my Glory, Harp awake,
I early will addresses make.

Thou 'mongst the Nations shalt be prais'd,
whose mercy to the Clouds is rais'd:
O God above the Earth or Sky
exalted be thy Majesty.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
all Praise and Glory be therefore:
As in beginning was, is now,
and shall be evermore, Amen.

H. K.

A. 4. Voc. PSAL. VI. ALTUS. J. Playford. 21

R Ebuke me not in wrath, O Lord, nor in thine anger chasten me :

O pity me! for I (O Lord) am nothing but In-fir-mi-tie.

A. 4. Voc. PSAL. VI. CONTRA TENOR. J. Playford.

R Ebuke me not in wrath, O Lord, nor in thine anger chasten me :

O pity me! for I (O Lord) am nothing but In-fir-mi-tie.

A. 4. Voc. PSAL. VI. BASSUS. J. Playford.

R Ebuke me not in wrath, O Lord, nor in thine anger chasten me :

O pity me! for I (O Lord) am nothing but In-fir-mi-tie.

Another to this Tune.

PSAL. XVI.

Preserve O God, and succour me,
who put my faithful trust in thee:
Thou, O my Soul, to him hast said,
Thou art my Lord and only aid.

To thee my goodness not extends,
no merit nor perfection lends;
But my delight on Saints is plac'd,
by most excelling virtues grac'd.

Their sorrows shall be multiply'd
who have on other gods rely'd:
To these I no burnt Offering,
nor bloody Sacrifice will bring.

Of them I neither mention make,
nor in my lips their names will take:
Thou only, who my portion art,
shalt have the duties of my heart.

God fills my cup, and doth advance
the lot of mine inheritance:
My lot in pleasant places lay'd,
a wealthy heritage have made.

Thee therefore will I ever bless
who gav'st me counsel in distress;
And by thy warnings dost invite
my reins to serve thee in the night.

I set the Lord before eye,
and hold him in my memory;
Whil't he assists at my right hand,
I stedfast and unmoved stand.

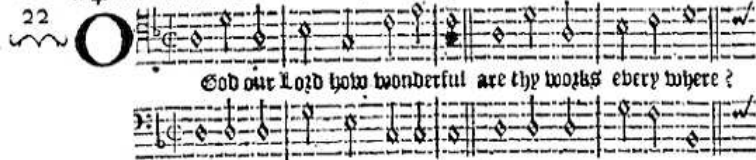
This glads my heart, my Glory shall
rejoyce, how low so ere I fall:
And in the grave my flesh shall rest,
with hope to Rise again posselt.

Thou wilt not leave my Soul in Hell
eternally condemn'd to dwell;
Nor sufferest thy Holy One
in death to see corruption.

Thou wilt the path of Life declare,
at whose right hand and presence are
Such pleasures which no time shall end,
and joyes no thought can comprehend.

H. K.

G



Even by the mouths of sucking babes
thou wilt confound thy foes:
for in those babes thy might is seen,
thy grace they do disclose.

And when I see the heavens high,
the works of thine own hand:
The Sun, the Moon, and all the Stars,
in order as they stand:

What thing is man (Lord) think I then
that thou dost him remember?
Or what is mans posterity
that thou dost it consider?

For thou hast made him little less
then Angels in degree:
And thou hast crowned him also
with glorious dignity.

Thou hast prefer'd him to be Lord
of all thy works of wonder:
And at his feet hast set all things,
that he should keep them under.

All Sheep, and Oxen, yea and Beasts
that in the fields do feed:
Fowls of the air, Fish in the sea,
and all that therein breed.

Therefore must I say once again,
O God that art our Lord:
How famous and how wonderful
are thy works through the world?

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost
all Glory be therefore:
As in beginning was, is now,
and shall be ever more.

Another Translation.

Lord how Illustrious is Thy name
ev'n to the Earths extent:
Thou hast Thy Glory thrond' above
the spangled Firmament.

Babes that yet draw the Brest, pro-
the Trophies of Thy Arm: (foes,
That Thou might'st silence Thy proud
and the Avenger charm.

When me to Heaven (Thy Glorious
diviner fancy bears;
The various Moon, and Stars by Thee
fix'd in still-rolling Spheres.

Ravish'd I cry, Lord! what is man
that he Thy thoughts should share?
Or what's the son of man? that Thou
should'st take him in Thy care?

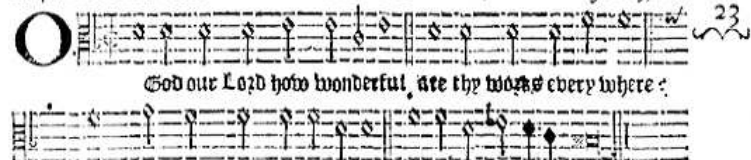
Little below the Angels, Thou
hast him with Glory crown'd;
Made Sovereign of thy works, and all
to his subjection bound.

The Sheep that cloaths, and feed, the
that tills the patient Fields;
The Forrest beast, the Fowl that in
the Clouds her Cradle builds.

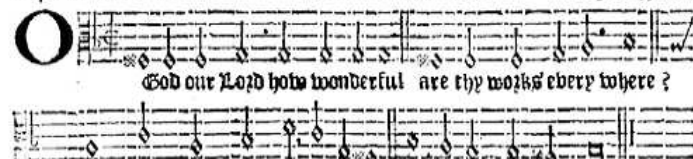
The Fish that takes his pleasure in
the briny Element;
Lord how Illustrious is Thy Name
even to the earths extent.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Immortal Glory be:
As was, is now, and shall be still
to all Eternitie.

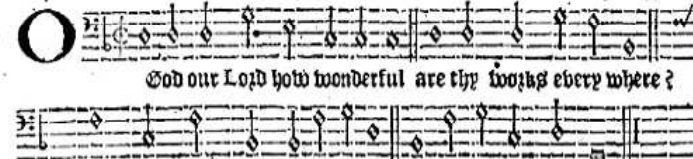
M. S.



Whose fame surmounts in dig-ni-ty above the heavens clear.



Whose fame surmounts in dig-ni-ty above the heavens clear.



Whose fame surmounts in dig-ni-ty above the heavens clear.

Another to this Tune.

PSAL. XII.

Help Lord, for godly men decrease;
goodness on earth doth cease:
And, like all other Mortals frail,
the Faithful Persons fail.

Each to his Neighbour vainly speaks,
and to deceive him seeks:
With flatter'ing Lips, and double Hearts,
they use deceitful arts.

God shall cut off their guilful tongues
puff up with pride and wrongs:
Who say, our words their ends shall gain,
what Lord can us restrain!

But for th' oppressions of the poor,
Whose sighs their wants deplore;
Now, faith the Lord, will I arise
To ease their miseries:

The words, which from the Lord we
are pure, and most sincere;
As silver in the furnace try'd,
and sev'n times purify'd.

Thou shalt, O Lord, keep thine Elect,
and from this race protect:
The wicked live esteem'd, and prais'd
when vilest men are rais'd.

H. K.

God my strength and fortitude, of force I must love thee:

Thou art my castle and defence in my necessity.

My God my Rock in whom I trust, the giver of my wealth:

My refuge, buckler, and my shield, preserver of my health.

When I sing laud unto the Lord,
most worthy to be serv'd:
Then from my foes I am right sure
that I shall be preserv'd:
The pangs of death did compass me,
and bound me ebery where:
The flowing waves of wickedness
did put me in great fear.

The lie and subtle snares of Hell
were round about me set:
And for my life there was prepar'd
a deadly trapping net.
I thus beset with pain grief,
did pray to God for grace:
And he, forthwith, my prayer heard
out of his Holy place.

The Lord alwaies will me reward
as I have done aright:
And to the cleanness of my hands
appearing in his sight.
Thou Lord, with him that Holy is
will still be Holy too,
And to the good and virtuous man
right graciously wilt do.

And to the loving and elect
Thy love thou wilt reserve:
But Thou wilt use the wicked men,
as wicked men deserve.
Thou Lord, wilt the afflicted save,
in grief that low do lie:
But wilt bring down the countenance
of them whose looks are high.

The Lord will light my candle so,
that it shall shine full bright:
The Lord my God will make also
my darkness to be light.
For by Thy help an host of men
discomfit Lord I shall:
By Thee I scale and o'er leap
the strength of any wall.

Unspotted are the ways of God,
his word is purely try'd:
He is a sure defence to such
as in his faith abide.
For who is God, except the Lord?
for other there is none:
Or else who is omnipotent,
saving our God alone?

God my strength and fortitude, of force I must love thee:

Thou art my castle and defence in my necessity.

My God my Rock in whom I trust, the giver of my wealth:

My refuge, buckler, and my shield, preserver of my health.

God my strength and fortitude, of force I must love thee:

Thou art my castle and defence in my necessity.

My God my Rock in whom I trust, the giver of my wealth:

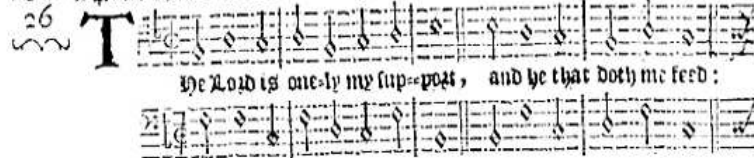
My refuge, buckler, and my shield, preserver of my health.

God my strength and fortitude, of force I must love thee:

Thou art my castle and defence in my necessity.

My God my Rock in whom I trust, the giver of my wealth:

My refuge, buckler, and my shield, preserver of my health.



The Lord is one-ly my sup-port, and he that doth me feed:



How can I then lack a-ny thing, where-of I stand in need?

Another Translated

PSAL. XXIII.

He doth me fold in coats most safe
the tender grass fast by:
And after drives me to the streams
which run most pleasantly.

And when I feel my self near lost,
then doth he me home take:
Conducting me in his right paths,
even for his own name sake.

And though I were even at death's door,
yet would I fear none ill:
For with thy rod and shepherd's crook
I am comforted still.

Thou hast my table richly deck'd,
in despite of my foe:
Thou hast my head with balm refresh'd
my cup doth overflow.

And finally while breath doth last,
thy grace shall me defend:
And in the house of God will I
my life for ever spend.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost
all Glory be therefore:
As in beginning was, is now,
and shall be evermore.

The God of love my Shepherd is,
and he that doth me feed:
While he is mine, and I am his,
what can I want or need?

He leads me to the tender grass,
where I both feed and rest:
Then to the streams that gently pass,
in both I have the best.

Or if I stray, he doth convert
and bring my mind in frame:
And all this not for my desert,
but for his Holy name.

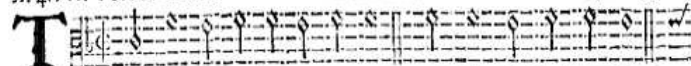
Yea, in death's shady black abode
well may I walk not fear:
For thou art with me, and Thy Rod
to guide, Thy Staff to bear.

Nay, Thou dost make me sit and dine
ev'n in my enemies sight:
My head with Oyl, my cup with Wine
runs over day and night.

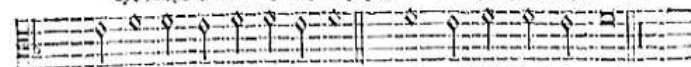
Surely thy sweet and wond'rous Love
shall measure all my days:
And as it never shall remove,
so neither shall my praise.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
one Consubstantial Three:
All highest praise, all humblest thanks
now, and for ever be.

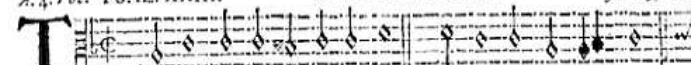
G.H.



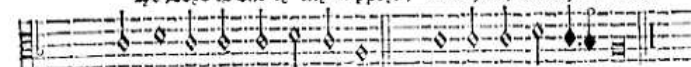
The Lord is one-ly my sup-port, and he that doth me feed:



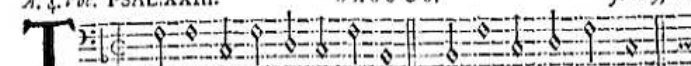
How can I then lack a-ny thing, whereof I stand in need?



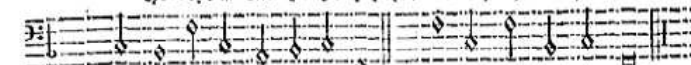
The Lord is one-ly my support, and he that doth me feed:



How can I then lack any thing, whereof I stand in need?



The Lord is one-ly my sup-port, and he that doth me feed:



How can I then lack a-ny thing, whereof I stand in need?

A Hymn to this Tune.

O Lord my Saviour and support,
grant that the words and cries
My heart doth vent and tongue report
be pleasing in thine eyes.

O Blessed Lord! why dost thou love
such worthless things as we?
Why is thy heart still towards us
who seldom think on Thee?

Thy bounty gives us all we have,
and we thy gifts abuse:
Thy bounty gives us ev'n Thy self,
and we Thy self refuse.

My Soul, and why? why do we love
such wretched things as these?
These that withdraw us from our God,
and His pure eyes displease.

Break off, and raise thy many eye
up to those joys above:
Behold all those thy Lord prepares
to woo, and crown thy love.

Alas dear Lord! I cannot love,
unless Thou draw my Heart:
Thou who thus kindly mak'st me know,
O make me do my part!

Still do Thou love me, O my Lord!
that I may still love Thee:
Still make me love Thee, O my God!
that thou may'st still Love me.

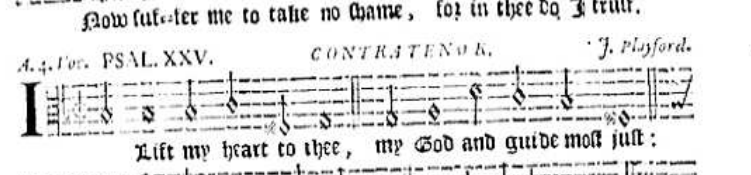
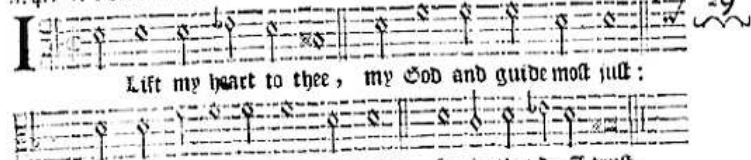
Thus may my God, and my poor Soul
still one another love:
Till I depart from this low World
T'enjoy my God above.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost
immortal Glory be:
As was, is now, and shall be still,
to all eternitie.

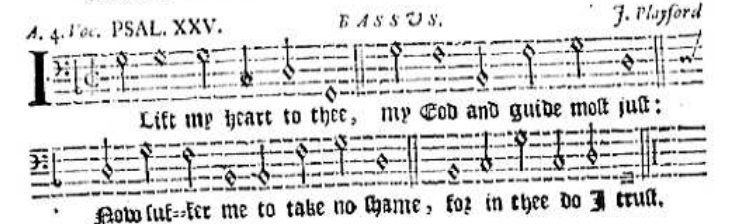


Let not my foes rejoyce,
nor make a scorn of me:
And let not them be overthrow,
that put their trust in thee.
But shame shall them befall,
which harm them wrongfully:
Therefore thy paths and thy right ways
unto me Lord direct.
Direct me in thy truth,
and teach me, I thee pray:
Thou art my God and Saviour,
on thee I wait alway.
Thy mercies manifold,
I pray thee, Lord remember:
And eke thy pity plentiful,
for they have been for ever.
Remember not the faults
and frailties of my youth:
Remember not how ignorant
I have been of thy truth.
Now after my deserts
let me thy mercy find:
But of thine own benignity,
Lord have me in thy mind.
His mercy is full sweet,
his truth a perfect guide:
Therefore the Lord will sinners teach,
and such as go aside.
The humble he will teach
his precepts for to keep:
He will direct in all his ways,
the lowly and the meek.
For all the ways of God
are truth and mercy both:
To them that keep his Testament,
the witness of his truth.
Now for thy holy Name
O Lord, I thee intreat,
To grant me pardon for my sin,
for it is wondrous great.
Who so doth fear the Lord,
the Lord will him direct,
To lead his life in such a way
as he doth best accept.

PSAL. CXLIII.
O Lord, my Prayer hear
presented in Thy fear:
With mercy answer my request,
in humblest words express.
Weigh not in Judgments scales,
thy Servant daily fails:
For no man living in thine eye
himself shall justify.
My foes which do pursue
my Soul, by ways undue:
Make me in darkness hide my head,
like those have been long dead.
My spirit faint and worn
is by my griefs a're born:
My Heart within me desolate
through my dejected state.
Yet I the days of old
in my remembrance hold:
Thy wonders past I meditate,
and all thy works of late.
To Thee I stretch my hands,
like as the thirsty lands
The fruitful rain desire to see,
so thirsts my soul for Thee.
Hear me O Lord with speed,
my fainting spirit heed:
Left if thou frown I prove like those
the pit of death doth close.
O let my longing ear
betimes Thy kindness hear!
In Thee I trust, reveal that path
thy truth prescribed hath.
Teach me to do Thy will,
that I may please Thee still:
Let thy good Spirit me direct,
to live with thine elect.
Lord quicken me again,
dense Thou my sinful stain:
For Thy great name, and justice sake
my Soul from trouble take.
I am Thy servant Lord,
my comfort is Thy word:
Then of Thy goodness those destroy
who in my sorrows joy. H.K.



A. 4. Voc. PSAL. XXV. CONTRA TENOR. J. Playford.
Lift my heart to thee, my God and guide most just:
Now suffer me to take no shame, for in thee do I trust.



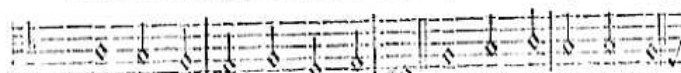
A. 4. Voc. PSAL. XXV. BASSUS. J. Playford.
Lift my heart to thee, my God and guide most just:
Now suffer me to take no shame, for in thee do I trust.

A Hymn to this Tune.
Let others take their course,
and sing what name they please:
Let wealth, or beauty, be their Theam,
such empty sounds as these.
For me, I'll ne'er admire
a lump of burnisht Clay:
How e're it shines, it is but Dust,
and shall to Dust decay.
Sweet Jesus is the Name
my Song shall still adore:
Sweet Jesus is the Charming word
that does my life restore.
When I am dead in grief;
or, which is worse, in sin,
I call on Jesus, and he hears,
and I to live begin.
Down then, down both my Knees
most humbly to the ground;
While with mine Eyes, and voice lift up,
aloud these lines I found:
Live Glorious King of Heav'n,
by all in Heav'n ador'd:
Live gracious Saviour of the World,
our Chief and only Lord.
Live, and forever may
Thy Throne establish'd be:
Forever may all hearts and tongues
sing Hymns of Praise to Thee.

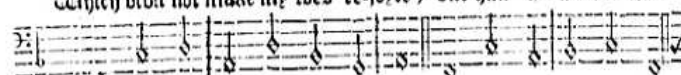
Another Hymn.
And do we then believe
there is a World to come,
Where all this World shall summon'd be
to take their fatal doom?
Is there a Heav'n indeed
to Crown the Innocent?
Is there a Hell, and horrid pains
the Wicked to torment?
Are these Eternal too,
and never to have end?
Shall never those Delights decay,
those sorrows never end?
Good God! is all this true?
and sure most true it is:
And yet we live, as if there were
nothing so false as this.
O quicken Lord, our Faith
of these great joys and fears!
And make the last days Trumpet be
still sounding in our ears.
Still may this Glorious hope
shine bright before our eyes:
We shall at last go up to meet
our Jesus in the Skies.
Come, Jesus, come, and take
our banish'd souls to Thee:
Come quickly Lord, that in Thy light
our Eyes Thy light may see.



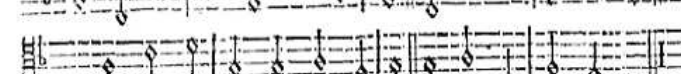
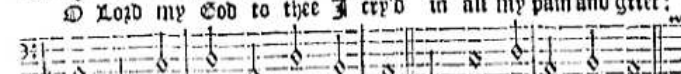
ALL laud and praise with heart and voice, O Lord I give to thee;



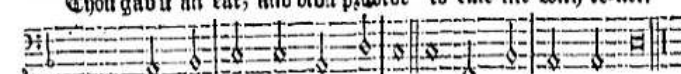
Which didst not make my foes re-joyce, but hast ex-al-ted me.



O Lord my God to thee I cry'd in all my pain and grief:



Thou gav'st an ear, and didst pro-vide to ease me with re-lief.



Of thy good will thou hast call'd back
my soul, from hell to save: (lack
Thou did'st revive when strength did
and kept'st me from the grave.
Sing praise ye saints that prove a see
the goodness of the Lord:
In memory of his Majesty
re-joyce with one accord.

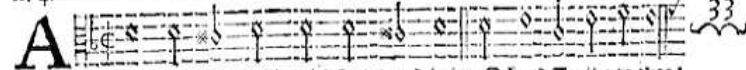
For why? his anger but a space
doth last, and slack again:
But in his favour and his grace
always both life remain. (foze
Though gripes of grief & pangs full
shall lodge with us all night:
The Lord to joy shall us re-lieve
before the day be light.

When I enjoy'd the world at will,
thus would I boast and say,
Till, I am sure to feel none ill,
this wealth shall not decay.
For thou, O Lord, of thy good grace
had'st sent me strength and aid:
But when thou turn'st away thy face,
my mind was soze dismay'd.

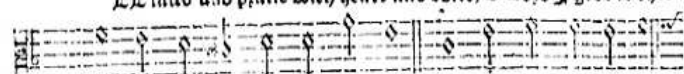
Wherefore again yet did I cry
to thee O Lord of might:
My God with plaints I did apply,
and pray'd both day and night.
What gain is in my blood (said I)
if death destroy my days?
Doth dust declare thy Majesty,
or yet thy truth doth praise?

Wherefore my God some pity take,
O Lord I thee desire:
Do not this simple soul forsake,
of help I thee require. (two
Then didst thou turn my grief and
into a cheerful voice: (tro
The mourning weed thou took'st me
and mad'st me to re-joyce.

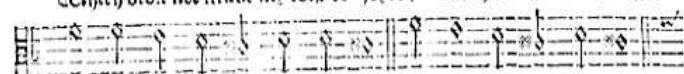
Wherefore my soul unnecessarily
shall sing unto thy praise:
My Lord my God to thee will I
give laud and thanks always.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
all Glory be therefore:
As in beginning was, is now,
and shall be evermore.



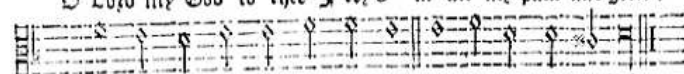
ALL laud and praise with heart and voice, O Lord I give to thee:



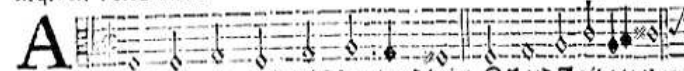
Which didst not make my foes re-joyce, but hast ex-al-ted me.



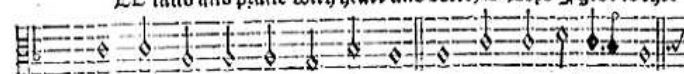
O Lord my God to thee I cry'd in all my pain and grief:



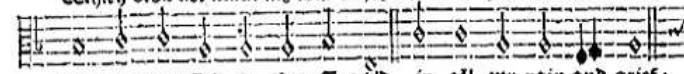
Thou gav'st an ear, and didst pro-vide to ease me with re-lief.



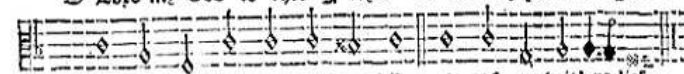
ALL laud and praise with heart and voice, O Lord I give to thee:



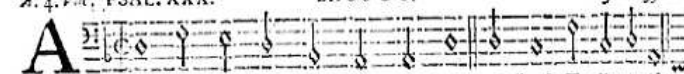
Which didst not make my foes re-joyce, but hast ex-al-ted me.



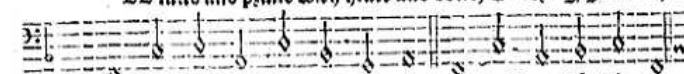
O Lord my God to thee I cry'd in all my pain and grief:



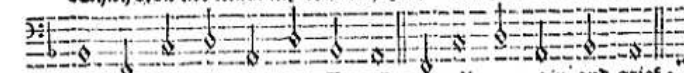
Thou gav'st an ear, and didst pro-vide to ease me with re-lief.



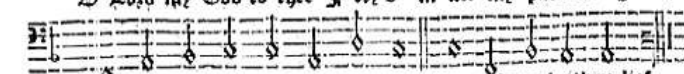
ALL laud and praise with heart and voice, O Lord I give to thee:



Which didst not make my foes re-joyce, but hast ex-al-ted me.



O Lord my God to thee I cry'd in all my pain and grief:



Thou gav'st an ear, and didst pro-vide to ease me with re-lief.

Iudge and revenge my cause, O Lord, from them that e-bil be:
 From wicked and de-cit-ful men, O Lord de-li-ber me.

For of my strength thou art the God,
 why putt thou me thee fro?
 And why walk I so heavily,
 oppressed with my foe?
 Send out thy light and eke thy truth,
 and lead me with thy grace:
 Which may conduct me to thy hill,
 and to thy dwelling place.
 Then shall I to the Altar go
 of God my joy and chear:
 And on mine harp give thanks to thee,
 (O God) my God most dear.
 Why art thou then so sad, my soul,
 and frett'st thus in my brest?
 Still trust in God, for him to praise,
 I hold it ever best.
 By him I have deliberance
 against all pain and grief:
 He is my God, which doth alway
 at need send me relief.
 To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
 all Glory be therefore:
 As in begining was, is now,
 and shall be evermore.

Another Translation.

PSAL. XLIII.

Iudge me, O God, and plead my cause
 against the mercylefs:
 O save me from the man of fraud,
 and sons of wickedness!
 Thou art my God, my strength, why then
 hast thou abandon'd me?
 Why go I mourning, broken thus
 by prospering Tyranny?
 Send forth thy rayes of light and truth
 to be my faithful guides
 Unto thy Holy Mountain, where
 Thy Majesty resides.

Then will I to the Altars go,
 of God my joy of joyes:
 The well tun'd harp shall speak thy praise
 my God, with pleasant noyse.
 My soul, why art thou so bow'd down
 with sorrows overprest?
 Why do despairing thoughts disturb
 thy peace, and break thy rest?
 Have faith in God, for I shall yet
 sing forth His praise Divine:
 He to my countenance is health,
 he's God, and shall be mine.
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Immortal glory be:
 As was, is now, and shall be still,
 to all Eternitie.

M. S.

Answer to this Tune.

PSAL. CXXVIII.

Left is the man that fears the Lord,
 and walketh in His wayes:
 For of his labour he shall eat,
 and happy is his dayes.
 His Wife shall as a fruitful Vine
 by his house side be found:
 His Children like to Olive plants,
 about his table round.
 Behold the man that fears the Lord,
 thus blessed shall he be:
 The Lord shall out of Zion give
 his blessing unto thee.
 Thou shalt Jerusalem's good behold,
 whilst thou on earth dost dwell:
 Thou shalt thy Childrens Children see,
 and peace on Israel.
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 one God in persons three:
 All Honour, Praise, and Glory most,
 both now, and ever bee.

Judge and re-venge my cause, O Lord, from them that e-bil be:
 From wicked and de-cit-ful men, O Lord de-li-ber me.

Judge and re-venge my cause, O Lord, from them that e-bil be:
 From wicked and de-cit-ful men, O Lord de-li-ber me.

Judge and re-venge my cause, O Lord, from them that e-bil be:
 From wicked and de-cit-ful men, O Lord de-li-ber me.

A Hymn to this Tune.

Blessed, O Lord, be thy wise grace,
 that governs all our day:
 And to the night assigns its place,
 to rest us in our way.

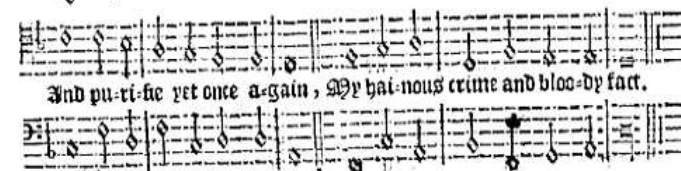
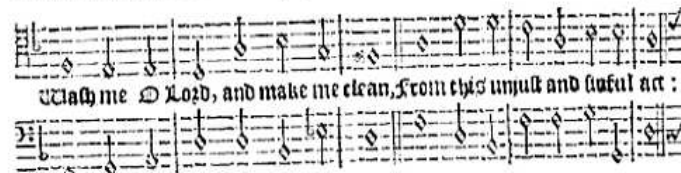
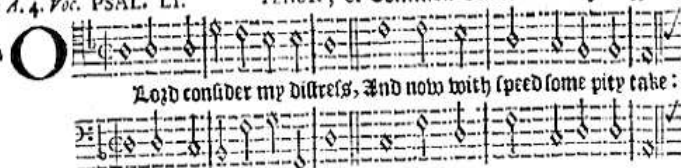
If works the Labouring hand impair,
 or Thoughts the studious mind:
 Both are consider'd by Thy care,
 both fit refreshment find.

Fit to relieve their present state,
 fit to prepare the next:
 While we are taught to meditate,
 this plain and useful Text.

As every Night layes down our head,
 and Morning open's our eyes:
 So shall the dust be once our bed,
 and so we hope to rise.

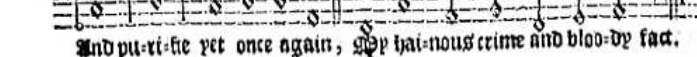
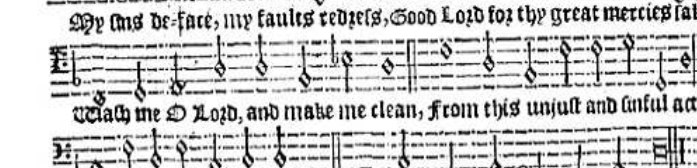
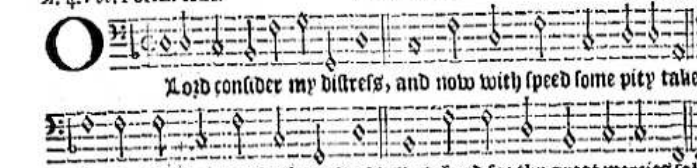
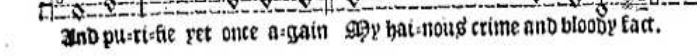
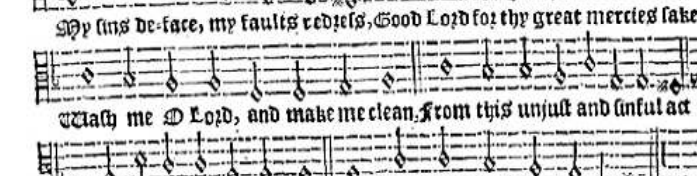
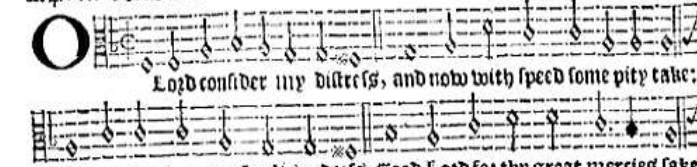
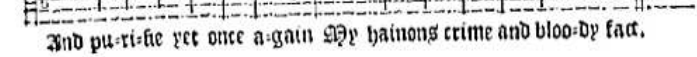
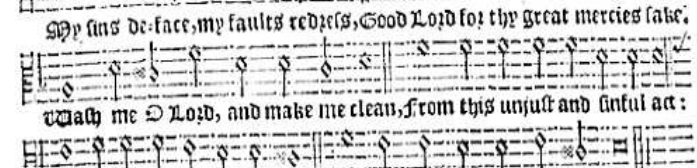
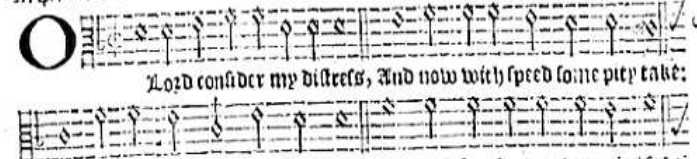
To rise and see that Glorious light
 spring from those eyes of Thine:
 Not to be check'd by any night,
 but clear forever shine.

All Glory to the Sacred Three,
 one everlasting Lord:
 As at the first, still may He be
 below'd, obey'd, ador'd.

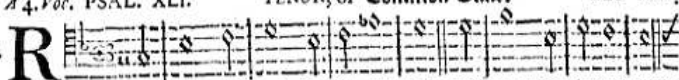


Remove and sorrow doth constrain
Me to acknowledge mine excess:
My sin, alas, doth still remain
Before my face without release,
For thee alone I have offended,
Committing evil in thy sight:
And if I were therefore condemned,
Yet were thy judgments just a right.
It is too manifest, alas,
That first I was conceiv'd in sin:
Pea of my mother so born was,
And yet vile wretch remain therein.
Also behold, Lord thou dost love
The inward truth of a pure heart:
Therefore thy wisdom from above
Thou hast reveal'd me to convert.
If thou with hyssop purge this blot,
I shall be clean'r than the glass:
And if thou wash away my spot,
The snow in whiteness shall I pass.
Therefore, O Lord, such joy me send,
That inwardly I may find grace:
And that my strength may now amend
Which thou hast swag'd for my trespass.
Turn back thy face and frowning ire,
(For I have felt enough thine hand)
And purge my sins I thee desire,
Which do in number pass the sand.

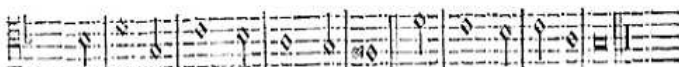
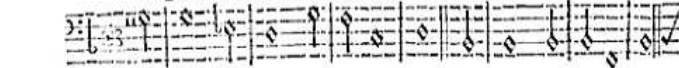
Make new my heart within my breast,
And frame it to thy holy will:
Thy constant Spirit in me let rest,
Which may these raging en'mies kill.
Call me not, Lord, out from thy face,
But speedily my Comments end:
Take not from me thy Spirit of grace
Which may from dangers me defend.
Restore me to those joys again,
Which I was wont in thee to find:
And let me thy free Spirit retain,
Which unto thee may fix my mind.
Touch thou my lips, my tongue untie,
O Lord, which art the only Key:
And then my mouth shall testify
Thy wondrous works & praise alway.
And as for outward Sacrifice,
I would have offer'd many a one;
But thou esteem'st them of no price,
And therein pleasure takest none.
The heavy heart, the mind oppress'd,
O Lord, thou never dost reject:
And to speak truth, it is the best,
And of all sacrifice th' effect.
Lord, unto Sion turn thy face,
Pour out thy mercies on thine hill:
And on Jerusalem thy grace,
Build up the walls and love it still.



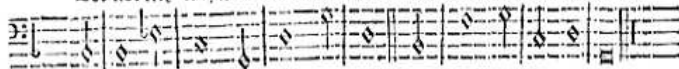
38



Re-gard (O Lord) for I complain, and make my sute to thee:



Let not my words return in vain, but give an ear to me.



From off the coasts and utmost parts
of all the earth abroad:
In grief and anguish of my heart,
I cry to thee, O God.

Upon the rock of thy great power,
my woful mind repose:
Thou art my hope, my fort & tower,
my fence against my foes.

Within thy tent I lust to dwell,
for ever to endure:
Under thy wings, I know right well
I shall be safe and sure.

The Lord doth my desire regard,
and doth fulfil the same:
With godly gifts doth he reward
all them that fear his name.

The King shall he in health maintain,
and so prolong his dayes:
That he from age to age shall reign,
forevermore alwayes.

That he may have a dwelling place
before the Lord for aye:
O let thy mercy, truth and grace,
defend him from decay.

Then shall I sing for ever still
with praise unto thy Name:
That all my bowes I may fulfil,
and daily pay the same.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
all glory be therefore:
As in beginning was, is now,
and shall be evermore.

Another Translation.

HEar me, my God, when I to Thee
My sad complaints address:
And let Thy pitying ear attend
the Pray'r of my distress.

Driven to the lands extremest Point,
with heart o're-whelm'd, I cry,
O Lead me to that Rock of hope,
that higher is than I.

For Thou hast been my sure retreat
in dayes of threatening woe:
And a strong Tow'r against the force
of my prevailing foe.

I in thy Sacred courts will keep
perpetual Residence:
And under covert of Thy wings
repose my confidence.

For to Thy gracious ear my vows
with full acceptance came:
And thou hast given me the reward
of those that fear Thy Name.

By Thee confirm'd the King shall see
his happy dayes increase:
And his blest years to ages grow,
crown'd with enduring Peace.

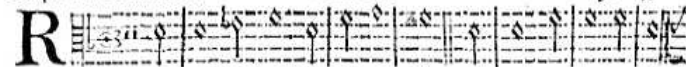
He in thy favour shall remain,
till time shall have an end:
O let thy mercies succour him,
and Thy firm truth defend!

So will I thine exalted Praise,
in thankful Songs proclaim:
And every day my vows perform,
In honour of Thy Name.

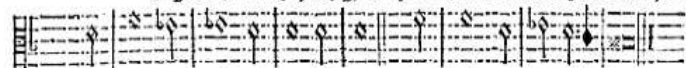
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Immortal Glory be:
As was, is now, and shall be still,
to all Eternitie.

M. S.

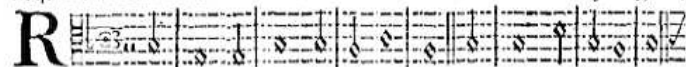
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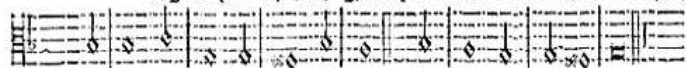
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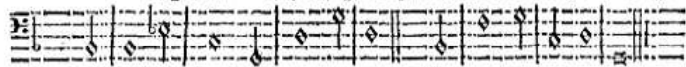
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Re-gard (O Lord) for I complain, and make my sute to thee:



Let not my words re-turn in vain, but give an ear to me.

Another Psalm to this Tune.

PSAL. LXIII.

O God, Thou art my God; to Thee
my thoughts addressed be.
And early as the rising day,
I will before Thee pray.

My thirsting Soul, and longing Flesh
beg, Thou wilt them refresh:
In that dry land where fruits ne're grow,
nor streams of water flow.

That in thy Sanctuary, I
may see Thy Majesty:
And Thy bright glory may behold,
as I have seen of old.

Thy loving kindness better is
then life, or earthly bliss:
My lips shall therefore Praises give,
and bless Thee, whilst I live.

Thus unto Thee, whose Name is fear'd,
my hands shall be up-rear'd:
My soul is as with marrow cloy'd,
when thus my mouths imploy'd.

I Thee remember on my bed,
with crosses wearied:
And in the watches of the night,
Thy goodness I recite.

Under the shadow of Thy wing,
to Thee, my Help, I sing:
My Soul on Thee alone depends;
whose Right hand me defends.

But those that would my soul enslave:
shall sink into the grave.
The killing Sword their lives shall slay,
or make them Foxes prey.

The King in God his joy shall bear,
with those that by him swear:
When all the mouths of such as lye,
stop, and confounded dye.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
one God in Persons Three:
All Honour, Praise and Glory now,
both now, and ever be.

H. K.

L Et God a-rise, and then his foes will turn themselves to flight:

His en'mies then will run a-broad, and scat-ter out of sight.

And as the fire doth melt the wax, and wind blowes smoke a-way,

So in the pre-sence of the Lord, the wick-ed shall de-cay.

But righteous men before the Lord
shall heartily rejoyce:
They shall be glad, and merry all,
and chearful in their voice.
Sing praise, sing praise unto the Lord,
who rideth on the skie:
Extol the name of JAH our God,
and him do magnifie.

That same is he that is above,
within his Holy place:
That Father is of fatherless,
and judge of widows case.
Houses he gives, and issue both,
unto the comfortless:
He bringeth bondmen out of thral,
and rebels to distress.

When thou didst march before thy folk
th' Egyptians from among: (dreadful)
And broughtst them through the wil-
derness, which was both wide & long.

down,
The earth did quake, the rain pour'd
heard were great claps of thunder:
The mount Sinai shook in such sort,
as it would cleave in sunder.

Therefore ye Nations of the earth
give glory to the Lord:
Sing praises to God with one consent,
thereto let all accord.
Who dwelleth and for ever hath
above in Heavens bright:
And by his fearful thunder-claps
all men may know his might.

Therefore the strength of Israel
ascrib'd to God on high: (tend,
Whole might and power doth far ex-
ceed above the cloudy skie.
O God, thy Holyness and pow'r
is dreadful evermore.
The God of Israel gives us strength,
praised be God therefore.

L Et God a-rise, and then his foes will turn themselves to flight:

His en'mies then will run a-broad, and scat-ter out of sight.

And as the fire doth melt the wax, and wind blowes smoke a-way,
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M Lord my God in all distress my hope is whole in thee:

Then let no shame my soul oppress, nor once take hold on mee.

As thou art just, defend me Lord, and rid me out of dread:

Give ear and to my sute accord, and send me help at need.

Be thou my rock to whom I may
for aid all times resort:
Thy promise is to help alway,
Thou art my fence and fort.

Save me my God from wicked men,
and from their strength and power,
from men unjust and eke from them
that cruelly devour.

Thou art the way wherein I trust,
thou Lord of Hosts art he:
Yea from my youth my trust hath been
still to depend on thee.

Thou hast me kept ev'n from my birth
and I through thee was born:
Wherefore I will sing praise to thee
both evening and at morn.

Refuse me not, (O Lord) I say
when age my limbs do take:
And when my strength doth wane away
do not my soul forsake.

With shame confound and overthrow
all those that seek my life:
And let dishonour be on those
that seek to work me strife.

Lord, thou of my youth took'st care
and dost preserve me still:
Therefore thy wonders do declare,
I bend my mind and will.

Lord, thy justice doth exceed,
thy doings all may see:
Thy works are wonderful indeed,
Lord! who is like to thee?

Thou mad'st me feel affliction sore,
and yet thou didst me save:
Yea, thou didst help, and me restore,
and took'st me from the grave.

And thou my honour shalt increase,
my comfort shall abound:
For with thy comforts and thy peace
thou shalt me compass round.

Therefore thy faithfulness to praise,
I will with viol sing:
And on my Harp sound forth thy praise
O God, my God and King.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Immortal Glory be:
As was, is now, and shall be still,
to all eternity.

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with my voice to God do cry, with heart and hearty cheer :

My voice to God I lift on high, and he my sute doth hear.

In time of grief I sought to God, by night no rest I took :

But stretch'd my hands to him a-broad, my soul comfort forsook.

I to remembrance God did call,
yet trouble did remain;
And overwhelm'd my spirit was,
while I did so complain. (Strain,
Thou didst from sleep mine eyes re-
and make them still to wake:
My trouble and my pain is great,
my speech doth me forsake.

The dayes of old to mind I call'd,
and oft did think upon
The time and ages that are past,
full many years ago.
By night my Songs I call to mind,
and commune with my heart:
My spirit did carefully require
how I might ease my smart.

Will God, (said I) still hide his face,
and gracious be no more:
For ever is his mercies gone,
saith his word evermore?
Is true, that to be gracious
the Lord forgotten hath?
And that his tender mercies he
hath shut up in his wrath.

Then did I say, that surely this
is mine infirmity:
He mind the years of the right hand
of him that is most high.
And will regard, and think upon
the working of the Lord:
Of all his wonders heretofore
I gladly will record.

Thy works, O Lord, are all upright,
and Holy all abroad: (might
What one hath strength to match the
of Thee, O Lord our God.
Thou art a God, that dost forth show
thy goodness every hour:
And so dost make the people know
thy virtue and thy power.

Glory to God the Father be,
Glory to God the Son,
Glory to God the Holy Ghost,
mysterious three in one.
As at the first it was, is now,
and shall forever be:
When this world ends, & the next world
puts on Eternitie.

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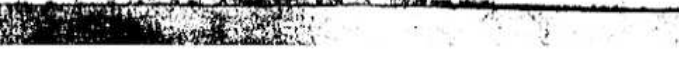
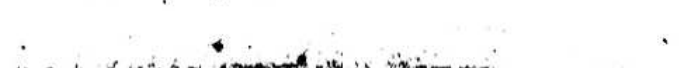
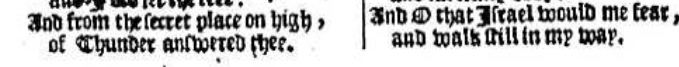
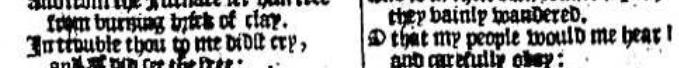
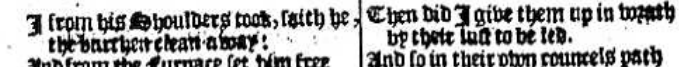
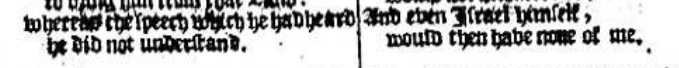
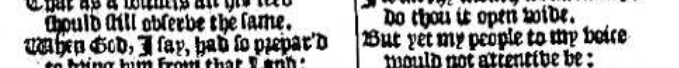
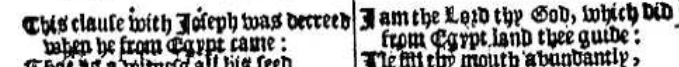
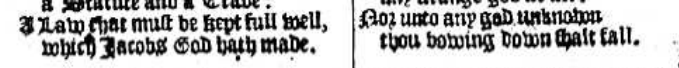
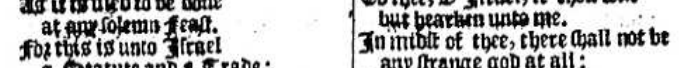
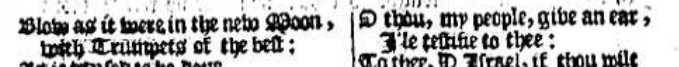
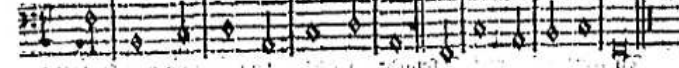
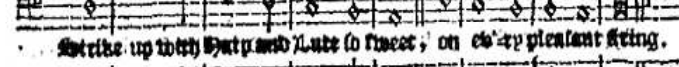
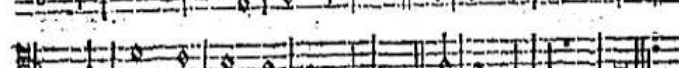
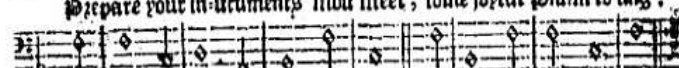
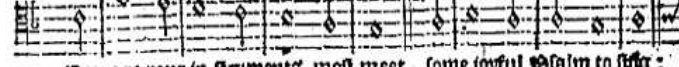
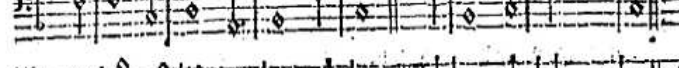
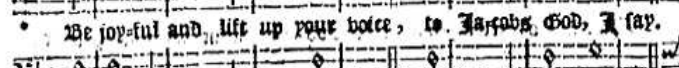
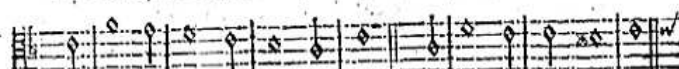
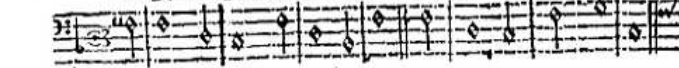
My voice to God I lift on high, and he my sute doth hear.

In time of grief I sought to God, by night no rest I took :

But stretch'd my hands to him a-broad, my soul comfort forsook.



Light and glad, in God rejoyce, which is our strength and stay:



Blow as it were in the new Moon,
with Trumpets of the best:
As it is sung to be done
at any solemn feast.
For this is unto Israel
a Statute and a Trade:
I know that must be kept full well,
which Jacobs God hath made.

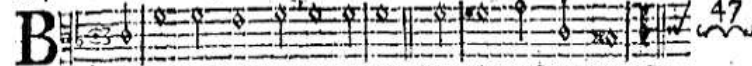
This clause with Joseph was decreed
when he from Egypt came:
That as a soldier's all his seed
should still observe the same.
When God, I say, had so prepar'd
to bring him from that Land:
where he the speech which he had heard
he did not understand.

I from his shoulders took, saith he,
the burthen clean away:
And from the furnace set him free
from burning brick of clay.
In trouble thou to me didst cry,
and I did see thee free:
And from the secret place on high,
of Thunder answered thee.

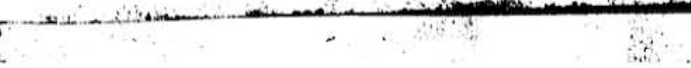
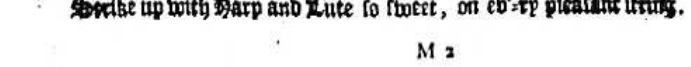
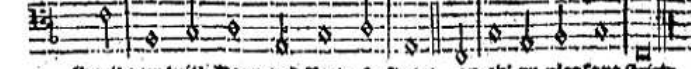
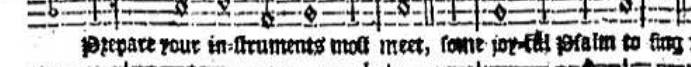
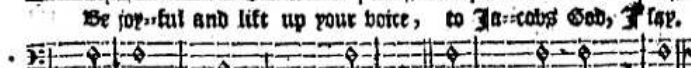
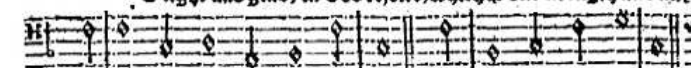
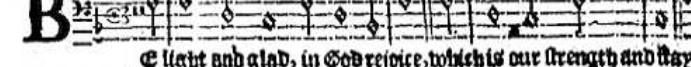
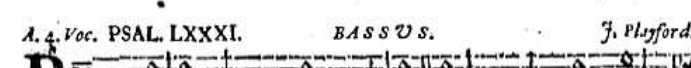
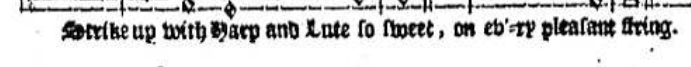
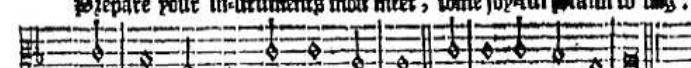
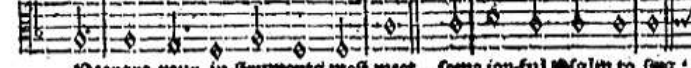
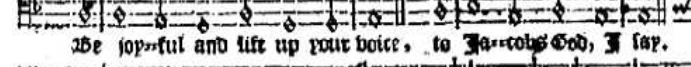
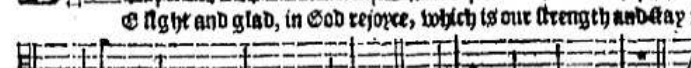
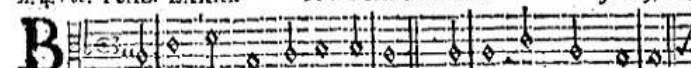
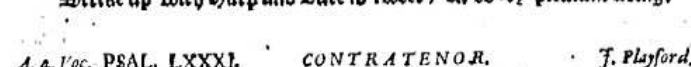
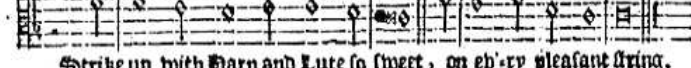
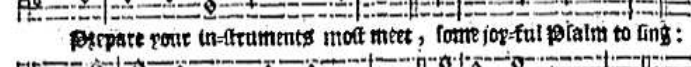
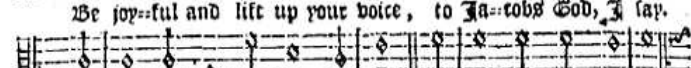
O thou, my people, give an ear,
I'll testify to thee:
To thee, O Israel, if thou wilt
but hearken unto me.
In midst of thee, there shall not be
any strange god at all:
For unto any god unknown
thou bowing down shalt fall.

I am the Lord thy God, which did
from Egypt land thee guide:
I'll fill thy mouth abundantly,
do thou be open wide.
But yet my people to my voice
would not attentive be:
And even Israel himself,
would then have none of me.

Then did I give them up in wrath,
by their sin to be led:
And so in their own counsels path
they vainly wandered.
O that my people would me hear!
and carefully obey:
And O that Israel would me fear,
and walk still in my way.



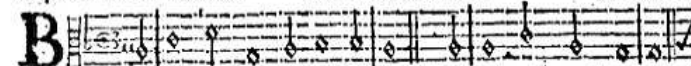
Light and glad, in God rejoyce, which is our strength and stay:



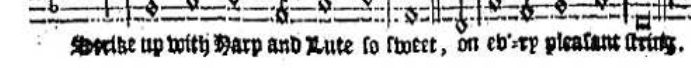
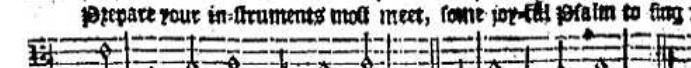
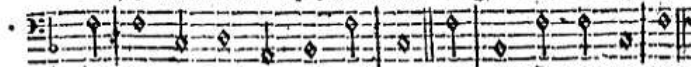
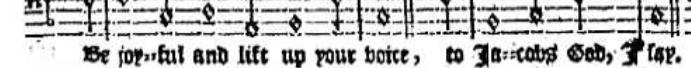
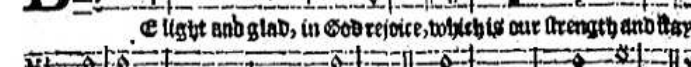
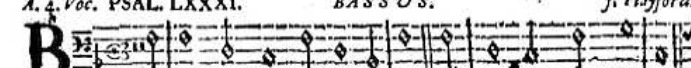
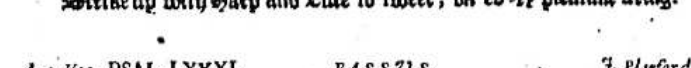
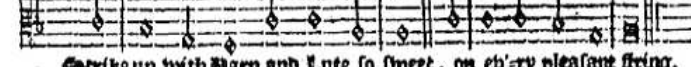
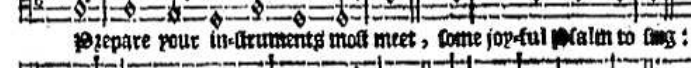
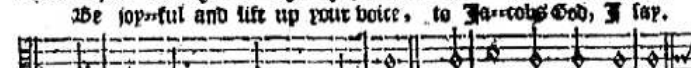
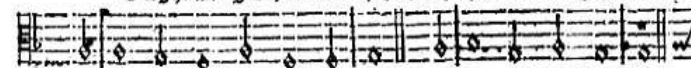
Be joy=ful and lift up your voice, to Ja=cobs God, I say.

Prepare your in=struments most meet, some joy=ful Psalm to sing:

Strike up with Harp and Lute so sweet, on ev'ry pleasant string.



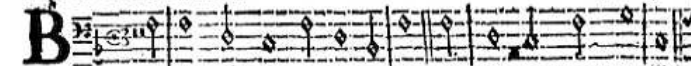
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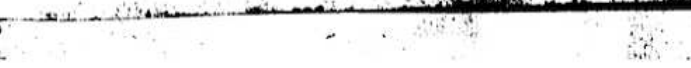
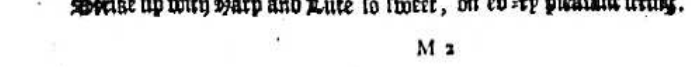
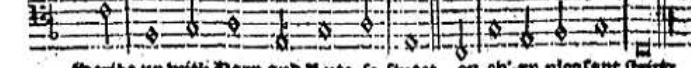
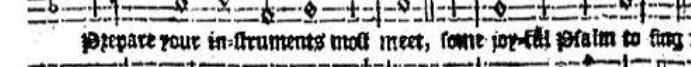
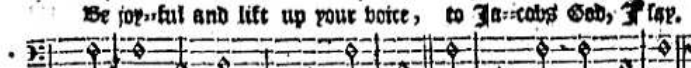
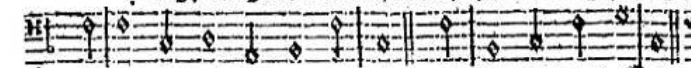
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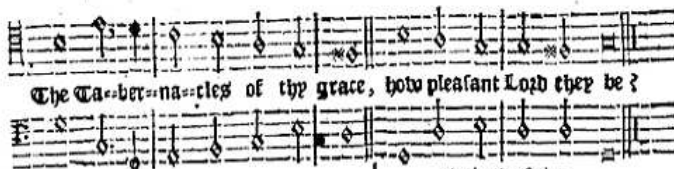
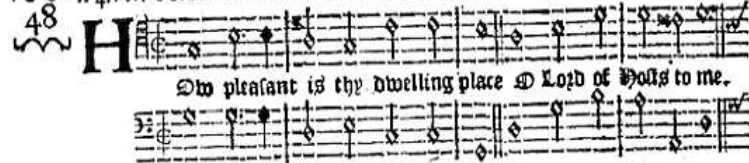
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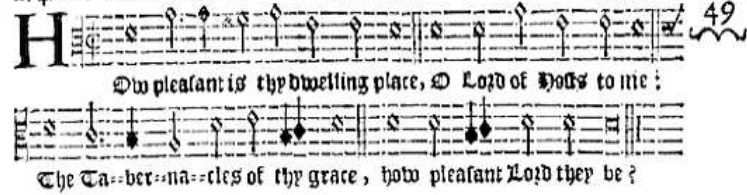
Strike up with Harp and Lute so sweet, on ev'ry pleasant string.



My soul doth long full soze to go
into thy courts abroad:
My heart doth lust, my flesh also,
in thee the living God.
The sparrows find a room to rest,
and save themselves from toiling:
And eke the swallow hath a nest
wherein to keep her young.
These birds full nigh thine Altar may
have place to sit, and sing:
O Lord of Hosts, thou art, I say,
my God and eke my King.
Oh, they be blessed that may dwell,
within thy house alwayes:
For they all times thy facts do tell,
and ever give thee praise.
Yea happy sure likewise are they,
whose stay and strength thou art:
Which to thy house do mind the way,
and seek it with their heart.
As they go through the vale of tears,
they dig up fountains still:
That as a spring it all appears,
and thou their pits dost fill. (fast,
from strength to strength, they walk full
no faintness there shall be:
And to the God of gods at last,
in Zion they do see.
O Lord of Hosts, to me give heed,
and hear when I do pray:
And let it through thine ears proceed,
O Jacobs God, I say.
O Lord our shield, of thy good grace,
regard, and so draw near:
Regard I say, behold the face,
of thine anointed dear.
For why? within thy courts one day
is better to abide,
Than other where to keep o' stay,
a thousand dayes beside.
Much rather would I be a doer
within the house of God:
Than in the tents of ungodly men.

Another Translation.
PSAL. LXXXIV.

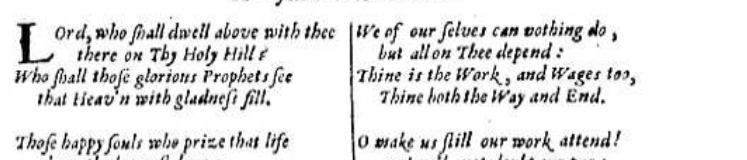
How lovely, thou great Lord of war,
Thy Tabernacles are:
My longing soul is faint, and pain'd,
while from thy courts restrain'd.
My heart, my flesh, with all that give
me pow'r to move, or live:
Cry loud, till they admitted be
the living God to see.
Yea sparrows find a house to rest;
the swallow builds her nest:
Their young they to thine Altar bring
O Lord, my God and King.
Blessed are they who all their dayes
Thee in Thy Temple praise: (art,
Blest is the man, whose strength thou
whose ways direct his heart. (vail
Who passing through the mournful
where springs and comforts fail:
Make wells in Bacc's barren plain,
and pools to fill with rain.
They go from strength to strength or
through weariness or want: (faint
Till to thy house approaching near,
In Zion they appear.
Lord God of Hosts, my prayer hear,
O Jacobs God give ear! (grace,
O God our shield, look down with
on thine Anointed's face.
One day, which in thy courts he spends
thousands of ours transcends.
I'd rather keep a door with thee,
than all earth's glory see.
For God our shield, our sun and light,
crowns those that walk upright:
Nor fails all good such men to give,
who in his statutes live.
O Lord of hosts, great God of might;
who dwell'st in endless light:
How blessed shall that servant be,
who puts his trust in thee.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Immortal glory be:
As was, is now, and shall be still,



Ow pleasant is thy dwelling place, O Lord of Hosts to me:
The Ta-ber-na-cles of thy grace, how pleasant Lord they be?



Ow pleasant is thy dwelling place, O Lord of Hosts to me:
The Ta-ber-na-cles of thy grace, how pleasant Lord they be?



Ow pleasant is thy dwelling place, O Lord of Hosts to me:
The Ta-ber-na-cles of thy grace, how pleasant Lord they be?

A Hymn to this Tune.

L ord, who shall dwell above with thee there on Thy Holy Hill? Who shall those glorious Prophets see that heav'n with gladness fill.	<i>We of our selves can nothing do, but all on Thee depend: Thine is the Work, and Wages too, Thine both the Way and End.</i>
Those happy souls who prize that life above the bravest here: Whose greatest hope, whose eag'rest strife, is once to settle there.	<i>O wake us still our work attend! and we'll not doubt our pay: We will not fear a blessed end if thou but guide our way.</i>
They use this World, but value that that they supremely love: They travel through this present state, but place their home above.	<i>Glory to Thee, O bountious Lord, who giv'st to all things breath: Glory to Thee, Eternal Word who sav'st us by Thy death.</i>
Lord! whose are they that thus chuse Thee but those thou first didst chuse? To whom Thou gav'st thy grace most free thy grace not to refuse.	<i>Glory, O blessed Spirit to Thee, who fill'st our hearts with love: Glory to all the Trinity, who reign one God above.</i>

L O Lord bow thine ear to my request, and hear me speedily.
 With grievous pain and grief oppress'd, full poor and weak am I.
 Preserve my soul, because my wayes, and doings Ho-ly bee:
 And save thy servant, O my Lord, that puts his trust in thee.

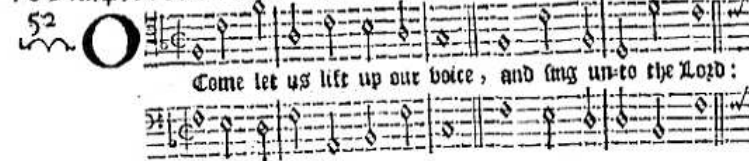
Thy mercy, Lord, on me express,
 defend me eke withall:
 For through the day I do not cease,
 on thee to cry and call.
 Comfort O Lord thy servants soul,
 that now with pain is pin'd:
 For unto thee, Lord, I extol,
 and lift my soul and mind.
 For thou art good and bountiful,
 thy gifts of grace are free:
 And eke thy mercy plentiful
 to all that call on thee.
 O Lord, likewise when I do pray,
 regard and give an ear:
 Mark well the words that I do say,
 and all my prayers hear.
 In time when trouble doth me move,
 to thee I do complain:
 For why? I know, and well do prove,
 thou answer'st me again.
 Among the gods O Lord is none
 with thee to be compar'd:
 And none can do as thou alone,
 the like hath not been heard.
 The Gentiles and the people all,
 which thou didst make and frame:
 Before thy face on unces will fall,
 and glorifie thy Name.
 For why? thou art so much of might,
 all power is thine own:
 Thou work'st wonders still in sight,
 for thy great God alone.

Teach me, Lord, thy way, and I
 shall in thy truth proceed:
 Joyne my heart to thee so nigh,
 that I thy name may dread.
 So thee, my God, will I give praise,
 withal my heart O Lord:
 And glorifie thy Name alwayes,
 for ever through the world.
 For why? thy mercy shew'd to me
 is great, and doth excel:
 Thou sett'st my soul at liberty
 out from the lower hell.
 O Lord, the proud against me rise,
 and heaps of men of might:
 They seek my soul, and in no wise,
 will have thee in their sight.
 Thou Lord, art merciful and meek,
 full slack and slow to wrath:
 Thy goodness is full great, and eke,
 thy truth no measure hath.
 O turn to me, and mercy grant,
 thy strength to me apply:
 O help, and save thine own servant,
 thy handmaids son am I.
 On me some sign of favour shew,
 that all my foes may see:
 And be asham'd, because Lord, thou
 dost help and comfort me.
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 all Glory be therefore:
 As in beginning was, is now,
 and shall be evermore.

L O Lord bow thine ear to my request, and hear me speedily:
 With grievous pain and grief oppress'd, full poor and weak am I.
 Preserve my soul, because my wayes, and doings Ho-ly be:
 And save thy servant, Lord, I pray, that puts his trust in thee.

L O Lord bow thine ear to my request, and hear me speedily:
 With grievous pain and grief oppress'd, full poor and weak am I.
 Preserve my soul, because my wayes, and doings Ho-ly be:
 And save thy servant, O my Lord, that puts his trust in thee.

L O Lord bow thine ear to my request, and hear me speedily:
 With grievous pain and grief oppress'd, full poor and weak am I.
 Preserve my soul, because my wayes, and doings Ho-ly be:
 And save thy servant, O my Lord, that puts his trust in thee;



Pea, let us come befoze his face,
to give him thanks and praise:
In singing Psalms unto his grace,
let us be glad alwayes.

For why? the Lord he is (no doubt)
a great and mighty God:
A King above all gods throughout,
in all the world abroad.

The secrets of the earth so deep,
and corners of the land:
The tops of hills that are so steep,
he hath them in his hand.

The Sea, and waters all are his,
for he the same hath wrought:
The earth and all that therein is,
his hand hath made of nought.

Come let us bow and praise the Lord,
befoze him let us fall:
And kneel to him with one accord,
the which hath made us all.

For why? he is the Lord our God,
for us he doth provide:
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
his sheep, and he our guide.

To day if ye his voice will hear,
then harden not your heart:
As ye with grudging many a year,
proboke'd me in desert.

Whereas your Fathers tempted me,
my power for to prove: (see,
My wondrous works when they did
yet still they would me move.

Twicetwenty years they did me grieve
and I to them did say:
They err in heart, and not believe,
they have not known my way.

Wherefore I swore when that my
was kindled in my breast: (wasth
That they should never tread the path,
to enter in my rest.

Another Translation.
PSAL. XCV.

O Come, and let us to the Lord,
our chearfull Songs record:
Unto our Rock lift up our voice,
and make a joyful noise.

Let us with praise sent up on high
approach His presence nigh:
With Psalms and Anthems, glad express
our founded thankfulness.

He is the God and King, whose hand
the spacious earth hath spann'd:
By him steep Hills, and Seas were made,
the dry land by him lay'd.

Come, let us worship and adore,
kneel down the Lord before:
For He our God is, we His care,
His sheep, and people are.

To day if ye His voice will hear,
no hard'ned heart bring near:
Like that provoking in the day
you in the desert lay.

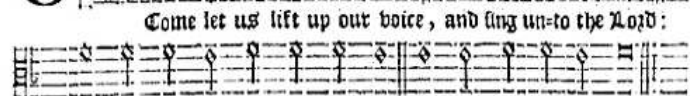
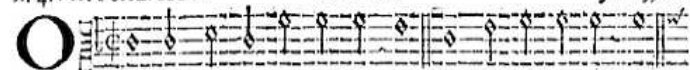
When your Fore-fathers tempted me,
who did my wonders see:
And forty years your Tribes did pass,
wherein I grieved was.

I said, my people erre in heart,
and wilfully depart: (known,
My wayes prescrib'd they have not
nor in my precepts gone.

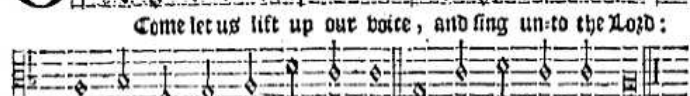
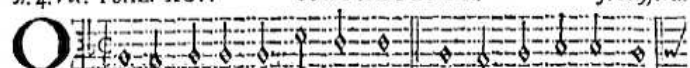
To whom my just incensed wrath,
by oath protested hath:
Those murmurers should ne'r be blest,
or enter to my rest.

All Glory, Honour, Pow'r and Praise,
to the blest Trinitie:
As at the first beginning was,
so now, and ever be.

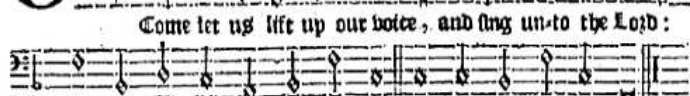
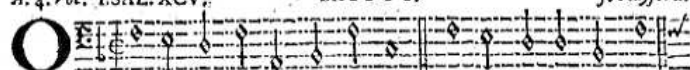
H. K.



In him our rock of health re-joyce, let us with one ac-cord.



In him our rock of health re-joyce, let us with one ac-cord.



In him our rock of health re-joyce, let us with one ac-cord.

Another Psalm to this Tune.

PSAL. XLVII.

O Clap your hands, allearth throughout
to God in Triumph shout:
His greatness rules the world from high
with awful Majesty.

He Nations under us subdues,
and will our portion chuse:
Which doth in Glory far excel
the lot of Israel.

God is gone up with shouting voice,
and sounding Trumpets noyse:
Unto our God loud praises sing,
sing praises to our King.

To him whose pow'r the earth doth fill
with knowledge sing, and skill:
Who on his Sacred Throne remains,
and o're the Heavens reigns.

The Princes with the people joyns,
sprung out of Abra'm's loyns:
For all are in his care enroll'd,
who highly is extolled.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Immortal Glory be:
As was, is now, and shall be still,
to all Eternitie.

H. K.

Another Psalm to this Tune.

PSAL. XCVIII.

Unto the Lord your Songs renew,
who marvels wrought for you:
His Holy arm, and His right hand
the victory hath gain'd.

God His Salvation hath made known,
His truth to Heathens shew'n:
His mercies have remembred been,
Earth His Salvation seen.

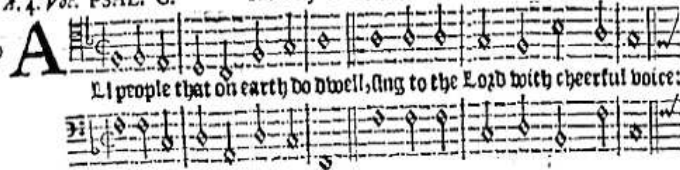
Make to the Lord a joyful noyse,
Earth, in loud Songs rejoyce:
With Harps unto your Maker sing,
and Psalms tun'd to the string.

With Trumpets, and the Cornets sound,
let your full joyes rebound:
All in your shrillest accents sing
Before the Lord our King.

Let roaring Seas for gladness swell,
the world with those there dwell:
Floods clap their hands, and waves com-
all hills in praises joyn. (bine,

For loe, to judgment God doth come,
to give the earth its doom:
With justice He the world will try,
and men with Equity.

H. K.



The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
without our aid, he did us make:
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
and for his sheep he doth us take.

Oh enter then his gates with praise,
approach with joy his courts unto:
Praise, laud, a bless his name always
for it is seemly so to do.

For why? the Lord our God is good,
his mercy is for ever sure:
His truth at all times firmly stood,
and shall from age to age endure.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
all Praise and Glory be therefore:
As in beginning was, is now,
and shall be evermore, Amen.

Two other Psalms to this Tune, of a new Translation.

PSAL. I.

Blest is the man that never would
In counsels of th'ungodly share,
Nor hath in way of sinners stood:
Nor sitten in the scorners chair.

But in God's Law sets his delight,
And makes that law alone to be
His meditation day and night:
He shall be like an happy tree,

Which planted by the waters, shall
With timely fruit still laden stand:
His leaf shall never fade, and all
Shall prosper that he takes in hand.

The wicked are not so, but they
Are like the chaff, which from the face
Of earth is driven by winds away,
And finds no sure abiding place.

Therefore shall not the wicked be
Able to stand the Judges doom:
Nor in the safe society
Of good men shall the wicked come.

For God himself vouchsafes to know
The way that righteous men have gone:
And those ways, which the wicked go
Shall utterly be overthrown.

PSAL. II.

Why are the Heavens swell'd with rage,
The people vain exploits devise:
The Kings and Potentates of earth,
Combin'd in one great faction rise.

And taking counsels 'gainst the Lord,
And 'gainst his Christ, presume to say,
Let us in sunder break their bonds,
And from us cast their cords away.

But He, that sits in Heaven, shall laugh,
The Lord himself shall them deride:
Then shall He speak to them in wrath,
And in sore anger vex their pride.

But I by God and seated King,
On *Sion* His most Holy hill,
I will declare the Lords decree,
Nor can I hide his sacred will.

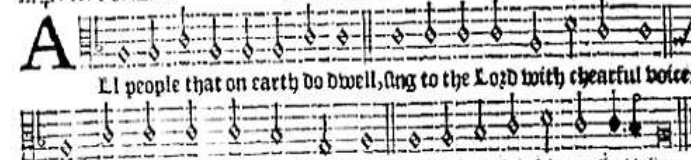
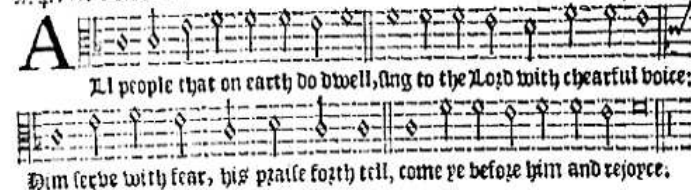
He said to me, thou art my Son,
This day have I begotten thee:
Make thy request, and I will grant
The *Heavens* shall thy portion be.

Thou shalt possess earth's farthest bounds
And there an awful Scepter sway:
Whose pow'r shall dash and break them
Like vessels made of brittle clay.

Now therefore, O ye Kings, be wise,
Be learned ye that judge the earth:
Serve our great God in fear, rejoice,
But tremble in your highest mirth.

O kiss the Son, lest he be wrath,
And straight ye perish from the way:
When once his anger burns, thrice bleed
Are all that make the Son their stay.

G. H.



Oh people that on earth do dwell, sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell, come ye before him and rejoice.

Another. PSAL. CXVIII.

O Thank the goodness of our God,
whose mercy knows no period:
Let *Israel* their voices joyn,
Let those who come from *Aaron's* loyn.

Let all who fear the Lord, confess
his mercies everlastingness:
I call'd upon him, when distressed,
who me enlarged, and releast.

The Lord himself is on my side,
I fearless mans attempts abide:
He takes their part who succour me:
I shall my haters ruine see.

'Tis better in the Lord to trust,
then lean on man, who is but dust:
Better rely on his defence,
then put in Princes confidence.

All Nations me encompass'd round,
but his great name shall them confound:
They closely set against me came,
but I destroy'd them in his Name.

Like Bees they thick about me swarm'd
yet through his name I was unharmed:
As kindled Thorns, which blazing dye,
they quenched in their ashes lye.

Though pressing foes my fall assay'd,
the Lord himself became my aid:
God is my health, my strength, my song:
loud joyes the righteous are among.

For God's right hand's lift up on high,
his right hand acts most valiantly:
I shall not dye, but live to praise,
and speak his wonders all my days.

Although the Lord me chast'ned sore,
he unto death not gave me o're:
Open his sacred gates, that I
with praise the Lord may glorify.

This is the gate, through which the just
and righteous Persons enter must:
Thee will I thank, who heard'st my voice
and mak'st me in thy help rejoice.

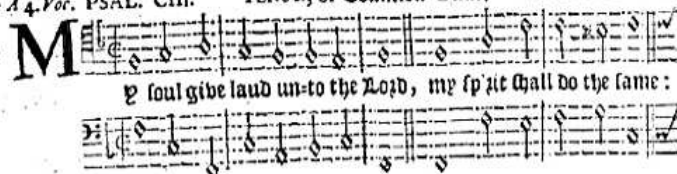
That stone the builders from them lay'd,
the head is of the corner made:
This is Gods act, which in our eyes
religious wonder multiplies.

This is the day the Lord hath made,
we will rejoice, in it be glad:
Save now, and prosper we intreat,
O Lord! who are as good, as great.

He blessed be, comes in his Name,
we blessings from Gods house proclaim:
God is the Lord, whose light hath shin'd,
pure off rings to his altar bind.

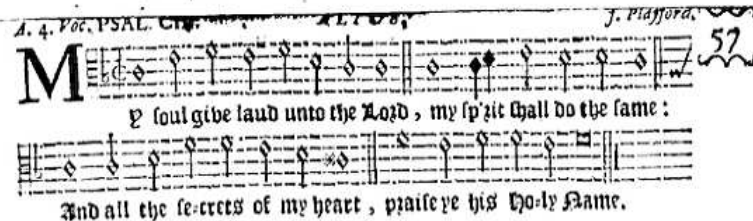
Thou art my God, I thee will praise,
and in my song, thine honour raise:
O thank the goodness of our God,
whose mercy knows no period. H. K.

36 A. 4. Voc. PSAL. CIII. TENOR, or Common Tune. St. MARTS Tune.



O soul give thanks to God for all his gifts,
 Who not thy self unkind:
 And suffer not his benefits
 to slip out of thy mind.
 That gave thee pardon for thy faults,
 and thee restor'd again:
 For all thy weak and frail disease,
 and heal'd thee of thy pain.
 That did redeem thy life from death,
 from which thou could'st not flee:
 His mercy and compassion both,
 he did extend to thee.
 That fill'd with goodness thy desire,
 and did purging thy youth:
 Like as the Eagle casteth her bill,
 whereby her age renew'd.
 The Lord with justice doth repay
 all such as be oppress'd:
 So that their sullied rings and their
 are turned to the best.
 His ways and his commandments,
 to Moses he did show:
 His counsels and his valiant acts
 the Israelites did know.
 The Lord is kind and merciful,
 when sinners do him grieve:
 He slow'd to conceive a wrath,
 and ready to forgive.
 He chides not us continually,
 though we be full of strife:
 For keeps our faults in memory
 for all our sinful life.
 For yet according to our sins
 the Lord doth us regard:
 For after our iniquities,
 he doth not us reward.
 But as the space is wondrous great
 'twixt earth and Heaven above:
 So is his goodness much more large,
 to them that do him love.
 God doth remove our sins from us,
 and our offences all:

As far as is the Sun rising,
 full distant from his fall.
 And look what pity Parents' dear,
 unto their children bear:
 Like pity bears the Lord to such
 as worship him in fear.
 The Lord that made us, knows our
 our mouth and fashion just: (Chape
 How weak and frail our nature is,
 and how we be but dust.
 And how the time of mortal men,
 is like the withering hay:
 Or like the flower right fair in field,
 that fadeth soon away.
 whose gloss and beauty from my winds
 do utterly disgrace:
 And make that after their assaults,
 such blossoms have no place.
 But yet the goodness of the Lord
 with his shall ever stand:
 Their children's children do receive,
 his righteousness at hand.
 I mean, which keep his covenant,
 with all their whole desire:
 And not forget to do the thing
 that he doth them require.
 The heavens high are made the seat,
 and footstool of the Lord:
 And by his power imperial
 he governs all the world.
 Ye Angels which are great in power,
 praise ye, and bless the Lord,
 which to obey and do his will,
 immediately accord.
 Ye noble Hosts and Ministers,
 cease not to laud him still:
 Which ready are to execute
 his pleasure and his will.
 Ye all his works in every place
 praise ye his Holy Name:
 Mine heart, my mind, and eke my soul
 praise ye also the same.



Another Psalm to this Tune.

PSAL. XXXIV.

I Will at all times bless the Lord,
 his praises still record:
 And whilst my soul of God makes choice,
 the humble shall rejoice.
 The Lord with me o magnifie,
 exalt his Name on high:
 I sought him, who my prayer heard,
 and sav'd from all I fear'd.
 They look'd to him, and light'ned were,
 no shame their faces bear:
 For God did at the poor man's cry
 relieve his misery.
 His Angel, those environs round,
 who in his fear are found:
 O taste, and see how good is he
 to such as faithful be.
 O fear the Lord, ye Saints of His,
 for such no blessings miss:
 Young Lyons often lacking prey,
 with hunger pine away.
 But those that seek his covenant
 no good thing ever want:
 Come Children, hearken to my speech,
 I you his fear will teach.

What man is he, long life doth crave,
 or happy dayes would have?
 Keep thou thy tongue from wicked wile
 thy lips from speaking guile.
 Depart from ill, in good encrease,
 pursue, and seek for peace:
 For on the just God casts His eyes,
 His ears admit their cries.
 Against the bad he sets his face
 to cut them from their place:
 The righteous cry, and God attends,
 in trouble safety sends.
 He doth in broken hearts delight,
 and saveth souls contrite:
 Great troubles on the righteous fall,
 but he relieves in all.
 He keeps the number of each bone,
 nor broken shall be one:
 Transgressors their own mischiefs slay,
 and with just Vengeance pay.
 All such as do the righteous hate
 shall soon be desolate:
 For God His servants souls redeems
 and dear their faith esteems.

M Y soul the great God's praises sing, Incircled round with glories wing :
Cloathed with light, o're whom the Sky Hangs like a star-ry Ca-no-py.

Who dwells upon the gliding streams,
Enamell'd with His golden beams:
Enthron'd in Clouds, as in a chair,
He rides in triumph through the Air.

The winds and flaming Element
Are on his great Embatlage sent:
The Fabrick of the earth doth stand
For aye, built with Thy powerful hand.

The floods, that with their watry robe
Once cover'd all this earthly Globe:
Soon as Thy thund'ring voice was heard,
Fled fast, and streight the Hills appear'd.

The humble Valleys saw the Sun,
Whil't the affrighted waters run
Into their Channels, and no more
Shall drown the earth, or pass their shore.

Along those Vails, the cool Springs flow,
And wash the Mountains feet below:
Thither for drink the whole Herd strays,
There the wild As his thirst allays.

And on the Boughs that shade the Spring,
The feather'd Quire shall sit and sing:
When on her womb Thy Dew is shed
Thy pregnant Earth is brought to bed.

And with a fruitful birth encreast,
Yeilds herbs, and grafs, for man & beast:
(wine,
Heart strength'ning bread, care drowning
And Oyl that makes the face to shine.

On Lebanon his Cedars stand,
Trees full of sap, works of His hand:
In them the Birds their nests do build,
The Fir-tree with the Stork is fill'd.

The wild Goats on the Hills, in Cells
Of Rocks the Hermits Conies dwells:
The Moon observes her course, the Sun
Knows when his weary race is done.

And when the night his dark vail spreads
The wilder Beasts forsake their sheds:
The hungry Lyons hunt for blood,
And roaring beg their food from God.

The Sun returns, these beasts of prey
Fly to their dens, and from the day:
And whilst they all in dark caves lurk,
Man till the evening goes to work.

How full of creatures is the earth!
To which Thy wisdom gave their birth!
And those that in the wide Sea breed,
The bounds of Number far exceed.

There the huge Whale with synny feet,
Dance underneath the sailing fleet:
All these expect their nourishment
From Thee, and gather what is sent.

Be Thy hand open, they are fed;
Be thy face hid, astonished:
If thou withdraw their soul, they must
Return into their former dust.

If Thou send back Thy breath, the face
O'th earth is spread with a new race:
Gods glory shall for ever stay,
He shall with joy His Works survey.

The steadfast earth shall shake if He
Look down, and if the mountains be
Touch'd, they shall smook, yet still my verse
Shall while I live his praise rehearse.

In him with joy my thoughts shall meet,
He makes my meditation sweet:
The sinner shall appear no more,
Then o my soul, the Lord adore.

All Glory be to God alone,
Three persons in one Deity:
As it has been in ages gone,
May now and still forever be.

M Y soul the great God's praises sing, Incircled round with glories wing :
Cloathed with light o're whom the Sky Hangs like a star-ry Ca-no-py.

M Y soul the great God's praises sing, Incircled round with glories wing :
Cloathed with light o're whom the Sky Hangs like a star-ry Ca-no-py.

M Y soul the great God's praises sing, Incircled round with glories wing :
Cloathed with light o're whom the Sky Hangs like a star-ry Ca-no-py.

A Hymn.

To this Tune.

O Pen thine eyes, my soul, and see
Once more the light returns to thee:
Look round about, and chuse the way
Thou mean'st to travel o're to day.

Think on the dangers thou may'st meet,
And always watch thy sliding feet:
Think where thou once hast fall'n before
And mark the place, and fall no more.

Think on the helps thy God bestowes,
And cast to steer thy life by those:
Think on the sweets thy soul did feel
When thou didst well, and do so still.

Think on the pains that shall torment
Those stubborn sinners that ne'r repent:
Think on the joys which wait above
To crown the head of Holy Love.

Think what at last will be thy part,
If thou go'st on where now thou art:
See life and death, sit thee to chuse,
One thou must take, and one refuse.

O Gracious Lord! guide thou my course,
And draw me on, with Thy sweet force:
Still make me walk, still make me tend,
By Thee my way, to Thee my end.

A Hymn to the Holy Ghost.

To this Tune.

Come Holy Spirit, come and breathe
Thy spicy odours on the face
Of our dull region here beneath,
And fill our souls with Thy sweet grace.

Come and root out the poisonous weeds
Which overrun and choke our lives:
And in our hearts plant thine own seeds,
Whose quickning pow'r our spirit revives.

First plant the humble Violet there,
That dwells secure, by dwelling low:
Then let the Lilly next appear,
And make us chaste, yet fruitful too.

But O plant all the virtues, Lord!
And let the Metaphors alone:
Repeat once more that mighty word,
Thou need'st but say, Let it be done.

We can, alas! nor be, nor grow,
Unless thy pow'rful mercy please:
Thy hand must plant, and water too,
Thy hand alone must give th' increase.

Do, then, what thou alone canst do,
Do what to thee, so easy is:
Conduct us through this world of woe,
And place us safe in thine own bliss.

The man is blest that God doth fear, and that his laws doth love indeed:

His seed on earth God will uprear, And blest such as from him proceed:

His house with gold he will full fill, His righteousness endure shall still.

Unto the righteous doth arise
In trouble joy, in darkness light:
Compassion is in his eyes,
And mercy always in his sight.
Plea, pity moveth such to lend,
He doth by judgment things expend.

And surely such shall never fail,
For in remembrance had is he:
No tidings ill can make him quail,
Who in the Lord sure hope doth see.
His heart is firm, his fear is past:
For he shall see his foes down cast.

He did well for the poor provide,
His righteousness shall still remain:
And his estate with praise abide,
Though that the wicked man disdain.
Plea, gnash his teeth thereat shall he,
And so consume his state to see.

By eating bread with sorrows deep:
To his belov'd God giveth sleep.

An heritage loe Children be,
Which from the gift of God do come:
The fruit that springeth from the womb,
Is also his reward most free:
Children grown up, like Arrows are
In th' hand of some strong man of war.

And blessed from above is he
Whose plentiful race doth so increase,
That full his Quiver is of these:
That man ashamed shall not be:
But to his foes that do him hate,
He shall speak boldly in the Gate.

The LORDS Prayer, to this Tune.

Our Father which in Heaven art,
Thy Name be hallow'd by each heart:
Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done
In Earth as 'tis in Heaven thy Throne:
Give us this day our daily bread,
That souls and bodies may be fed.

Forgive our trespasses, as we
Forgive them, where we trespass'd be:
To no temptation lead our will,
But us deliver from all ill.
For thine the Kingdom and the pow'r
And Glory is for evermore.

H. K.

The man is blest that God doth fear, and that his laws doth love indeed:

His seed on earth God will uprear, And blest such as from him proceed:

His house with gold he will full fill, His righteousness endure shall still.

He man is blest that God doth fear, and that his laws do keep indeed:

His seed on earth God will uprear, And blest such as from him proceed:

His house with gold he will full fill, His righteousness endure shall still.

He man is blest that God doth fear, and that his laws do keep indeed:

His seed on earth God will uprear, And blest such as from him proceed:

His house with gold he will full fill, His righteousness endure shall still.

Another, Psalm CI. to this Tune.

Mercy I will and Judgment sing
To thee, O Lord, from whom they springs
Wisdom shall all my ways correct:
When wilt thou come, and dwell with me?
My whole Affairs, and Family:
I will with perfect heart direct.

Who hath his Friend with slander strook
I will cut off: a haughty look,
And a proud heart, I'll not endure:
Mine eyes upon the Faithful are,
Him for my servant I declare,
Whose Hands are just, and heart is pure.

He that doth treach'rous works devise;
That spreads abroad malicious lies,
Shall not stay within my house, or sight:
The Wicked of the Land I'll slay,
That from Gods City soon I may
Cut off, and Root th' ungodly quite.

R. M. S.

Ye children which do serve the Lord, Praise ye his name with one accord: who from the rising of the Sun, Till it return where it began: As to be

Ye, blessed be alwayes his Name. The Lord all people doth surmount: As to be praised with great fame.

As for his glory we may count, Above the Heavens high to be.

With God the Lord who may compare, whose dwellings in the heavens are?

Of such great pow'r and force is he.

He doth abase himself we know,
Things to behold both here below,
And also in the heaven above.
The needy out of dust to raise,
And eke the poor which help none saw,
His only mercy did him move.
And so him set in high degree,
With princes of great dignitie,
That rule his people with great fame.
The barren he doth make to bear,
And with great joy her fruit to rear:
Therefore praise ye his holy Name.

Another. Psalm CXXXIII. to this Tune.
How good! how pleasant 'tis to see
Brethren to dwell in unity?
'Tis like the precious unction shed
On Mitred Arons Sacred Crown:
Which trickled on his Beard, and down
Unto his Garment-Fringes spread.
'Tis as the dew kind Heavens distil
On Hermons Tops, or Sions Hill:
God on this happy State shall send
The blessings of his bountious hand:
First blest life here, and then command
A better life that we shall end.

Ye children which do serve the Lord, Praise ye his name with one accord: who from the rising of the Sun, Till it return where it began: As to be

Ye, blessed be alwayes his Name. The Lord all people doth surmount: As for his glory we may count, praised with great fame.

Above the Heavens high to be. With God the Lord who may compare, whose dwellings in

Ye children which do serve the Lord, Praise ye his name with one accord: who from the rising of the Sun, Till it return where it began: As to be

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Ye, blessed be alwayes his Name. The Lord all people doth surmount: As for his glory we may count, praised with great fame.

Above the Heavens high to be. With God the Lord who may compare, whose dwellings in

the Heavens are: Of such great pow'r and force is he.

Lobe the Lord be-cause my voice and pray-er heard hath he :

When in my days I call'd on him, he bow'd his ear to me.

Ev'n when the snares of cruel death, about be-set me round:

when pains of hell me caught, and when I towe and sorrow found,

Upon the Name of God my Lord
then did I call, and say :
Deliver thou my soul, O Lord :
I do thee humbly pray.
The Lord is very merciful,
and just he is also :
And in our God compassion,
doth plentifully flow.

The Lord in safety both preferre
all those that simple be :
I was in wooful misery,
and he releued me.
And now my soul (sith thou art safe,
return unto thy rest :
For largely doe, the Lord to thee
his bounty hath exprest.

Because thou hast delivered
my soul from deadly thral :
My moisted eye from mournful tears,
my sliding feet from fall.
Before the Lord, I in the Land
of Life, will walk therewith :
I did believe, therefore I spake,
for he was troubled long.

I said in my distress and fear
that all men lyers be ;
What shall I pay the Lord for all
his benefits to me ?
File of Saluation take the Cup,
and to the Lord will pay :
And I before his people all,
to him my bowgs will pay.

Right dear and precious in his sight
the Lord doth eye esteem:
The death of all his Holy ones,
whatsoever men do deem.
Thy servant Lord, thy servant Ioe,
I do my self confess:
Son of thy Handmaid, thou hast broken
the bonds of my distress.

And I will offer up to thee
a Sacrifice of praise;
And I will call upon the Name
of God the Lord alwayes.
Yea, in the court of Gods own house,
and in the midst of thee,
O thou Ierusalem, I say:
wherefore the Lord praise ye.

Lobe the Lord because my voice and prayer heard hath he :

When in my dayes I call'd on him, he bow'd his ear to me.

Ev'n when the snares of cruel death, about be-set me round :

When pains of hell me caught, and when I woe and sorrow found.

Love the Lord because my voice and pray-er heard hath he :

When in my days I call'd on him, he bow'd his ear to me.

Ev'n when the snares of cruel Death, about be-set me round:

when pains of hell me caught, and when I woe and sorrow found.

Love the Lord be-cause my voice and pray-er heard hath he :

When in my days I call'd on him, he bow'd his ear to me.

Ev'n when the snares of cruel death, about beset me round,

When pairs of bell-me caught, and when E two and forty found.

O All ye Nations of the World, praise ye the Lord always:

And all ye people ev'ry where, set forth his Noble praise,

For great His kindness is to us,	To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
His truth endures for aye:	all Glory be therefore:
Wherefore praise ye the Lord our God,	As in beginning was, is now,
praise ye the Lord alway.	and shall be evermore.

O All ye Nations of the World, praise ye the Lord always:

And all ye people ev'ry where, set forth his Noble praise,

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And all ye people ev'ry where, set forth his Noble praise,

O All ye Nations of the World, praise ye the Lord always:

And all ye people ev'ry where, set forth his Noble praise,

B Hold and have re-gard, ye ser-vants of the Lord:

Which in his house by night do watch, praise him with one accord,

Lift up your hands on high	For why? the Lord who did
unto his Holy place:	both Earth and Heaven frame:
And give the Lord his praises due,	Doth Zion bless, and will conserve,
His benefits embrace.	For evermore the same,

B Hold and have re-gard, ye ser-vants of the Lord:

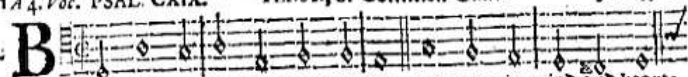
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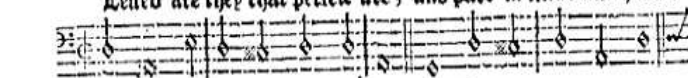
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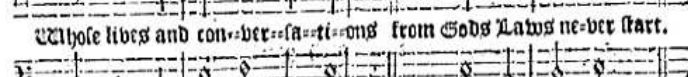
Which in his house by night do watch, praise him with one accord,



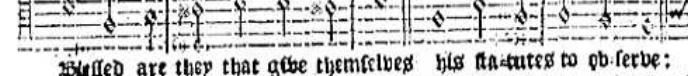
Blessed are they that perfect are, and pure in mind and heart:



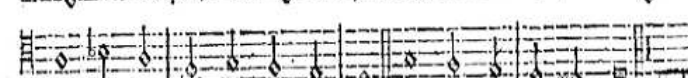
Whose lives and con-ber-sa-ti-ons from Gods Lawes ne-ber start.



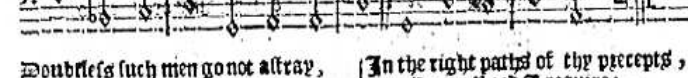
Blessed are they that give themselves his sta-tutes to ob-serbe:



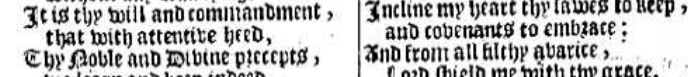
Seeking the Lord with all their heart, and ne-ber from him swerbe.



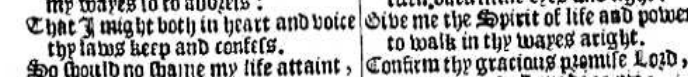
Doubleless such men go not astray,
nor do no wicked thing:
Which steadfastly walk in his way
without any wandring.
It is thy will and commandment,
that with attentive heed,
thy Noble and Divine precepts,
we learn and keep indeed.



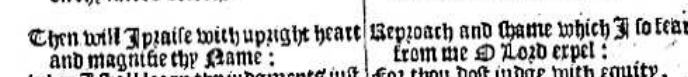
In the right paths of thy precepts,
guide me Lord I require;
None other pleasure do I wish,
nor greater thing desire.
Incline my heart thy lawes to keep,
and covenants to embrace;
And from all filthy avarice,
Lord shield me with thy grace.



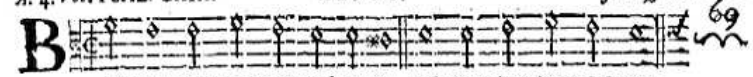
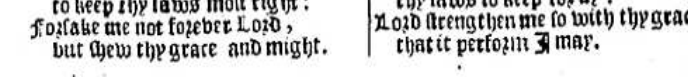
From vain desires and worldly lulls,
turn back mine eyes and sight:
Give me the Spirit of life and power,
to walk in thy wayes aright.
Confirm thy gracious promise Lord,
which thou hast made to me:
Which am thy servant, and do love,
and fear nothing but thee.



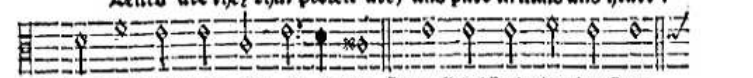
Then will I praise with upright heart
and magnifie thy Name:
When I shall learn thy judgments just
and likewise probe the same.
And wholly will I give my self
to keep thy lawes most right:
For sake me not forget Lord,
but shew thy grace and might.



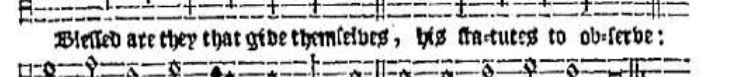
Reproach and shame which I so fear,
from me O Lord expel:
For thou dost judge with equity,
and therein dost excel.
Behold mine heares desire is bent
thy lawes to keep for ay:
Lord strengthen me so with thy grace,
that it perform I may.



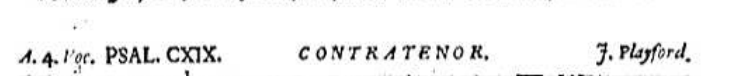
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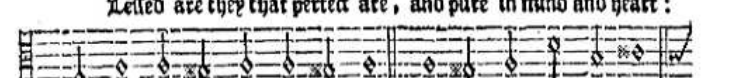
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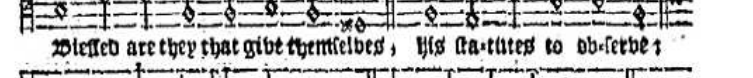
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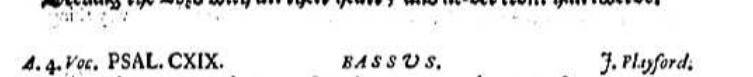
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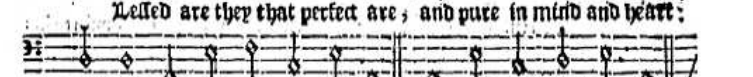
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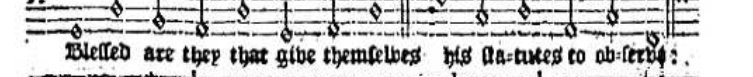
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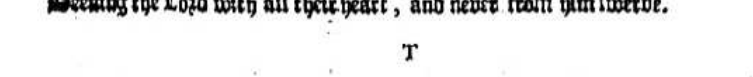
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Lord strengthen me so with thy grace,
that it perform I may.



70 A. 4. Voc. PSAL. CXXI. TENOR, or Common Tune. J. Playford.

U P to the Hills I lift mine eyes, From whence my help and comfort rise:

My safety from the Lord doth spring, Who made the world and ev'ry thing.

Thy foot from falling He protects,
Nor slumbers He, nor thee neglects:
Behold, that Lord who *Israel* keeps,
Unweary'd is, and never sleeps.

God is thy keeper, like a shade
Which on thy right hand is display'd:
The Sun by day thee shall not smite,
Nor vapours of the Moon by night.

The Lord shall thee preserve from harm,
Thy soul against temptations arm:
Thy going out, and coming in
For evermore His care have been.

To Thee great God, to Thee alone,
Three Persons in one Deitie:
As former Ages still have done,
All Glory now and ever be.

H. K.

A. 4. Voc. PSAL. CXXI. ALTUS. J. Playford.

U P to the Hills I lift mine eyes, From whence my help and comfort rise:

My safety from the Lord doth spring, Who made the world and ev'ry thing.

A. 4. Voc. PSAL. CXXI. CONTRATENOR. J. Playford.

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A. 4. Voc. PSAL. CXXI. BASSUS. J. Playford.

U P to the Hills I lift mine eyes, From whence my help and comfort rise:

My safety from the Lord doth spring, Who made the world and ev'ry thing.

A. 4. Voc. PSAL. CXXIV. TENOR, or Common Tune. LINCOLNE Tune. J. Playford.

H Ad not the Lord been on our side, may *Is-ra-el* now say:

Had not the Lord been on our side, when men rose us to slay.

They had us swallow'd quick, when as
their wrath 'gainst us did flame:
Waters had cover'd us, our soul
had sunk beneath the stream.

Then had the waters swelling high,
over our souls made way.
Blest be the Lord, who to their teeth
us gave not as a prey.

Our souls escaped as a Bird
out of the Fowlers snare:
The snare aunder broken is,
and we escaped are.

Our sure and all-sufficient help
is in *Jehovah's* Name:
His Name who did the Heav'ns create,
and who the earth did frame.

A. 4. Voc. PSAL. CXXIV. ALTUS. J. Playford.

H Ad not the Lord been on our side, may *Is-ra-el* now say:

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T 2

T Hofe that do put their confidence, In God the Lord, and on Him rest :
Seeking to Him for their defence, When they with dangers are distressed.

They shall be sure still to endure,
And shall not be remov'd away :
Like *Sion* Hill abiding still,
Establish'd they shall stand and stay.
And as within the promis'd Land,
Like Bulwarks strong the mountains high
About *Jerusalem* do stand,
The same to guard and fortifie.
So God that is a shield to his,
From dangers great, them to deliver :
His people dear that do him fear,
Doth compass round henceforth forever
And though the wife and gracious God
Who chastens those whom he doth love,
Suffers the wicked by their rod
The righteous to afflict and prove.
Yet shall it not upon the Lot
Of Righteous men for ever rest :
Left in distress, to wickedness
They put their hands, with grief oppress'd.
To those that good are in thy sight,
Do good O Lord, we humbly pray,
Ev'n to the men in heart upright.
But those to their own crooked way
Aside that stray, and turn away
With those that do work Wickedness :
The Lord & King, them forth shall bring :
But He with peace shall *Israel* bless.

The Ten Commandments. Exod. XX.
To this Tune.

God spake these words : I am the Lord
Who thee to liberty restor'd,
And didst from *Egypt's* bondage free :
1. Thou shalt adore no god but Me.
2. Thou shalt no graven Image make,
Nor any other likeness take
In Heaven, or Earth, or Seas below,
To which thou may'st fall down and bow.

For, jealous of mine honour, I
Unto the fourth posterity
Visit the Children for the sin
Which hath by Father's blood been.

Yet I my mercies heap in store
For thousand Generations more
Of them that love me, whose intent
Walk after my Commandments.

3. Thou shalt by swearing not profane,
Nor take thy Maker's Name in vain :
For God will no man guiltless deem
Who doth his sacred name blaspheme.

4. Remember that to rest and pray,
Thou holy keep the Sabbath day :
Six days thou labour shalt, but this
The Lord thy God's high Sabbath is.

No kind of work shall then be done,
By Thee, thy Daughter, or thy Son,
Nor Servants, Cattle, nor the late
Admitted stranger to thy Gate.

For God in six dayes all things made,
And resting on the seventh, stay'd :
The Sabbath day he therefore blest,
And hallow'd it for publick rest.

5. Honour thy Parents, and obey
What just commands so e're they lay,
That in the land thou long may'st live
Which God doth for thy dwelling give.

6. From bloody acts and Murders fly.

7. Commit no foul Adultery.

8. Thou shalt not Steal. Nor any where

9. False witness gainst thy neighbour bear.

10. Thou shalt not (mov'd by lust or strife)
Covet thy Neighbours House or Wife :
Nor Man, nor Maid, nor Ox of his,
Nor what to him belonging is.

O Lord have mercy, and incline
Our minds to keep these Laws of Thine :
Write thy Commandments in our heart,
That we from them may ne're depart.

H. K.

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Seeking to Him for their defence, When they with dangers are distressed.

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T Hofe that do put their confidence, In God the Lord, and on Him rest :
Seeking to Him for their defence, When they with dangers are distressed.

The prayer after the X Commandments.
The Spirit of grace grant us O Lord,
To keep these laws, our hearts restore;
And cause us all with one accord
To magnifie thy Name therefore.
For of our selves no strength we have,
To keep these laws after thy will :
Thy might therefore O Christ we crave,
That we in Thee may them fulfill.
Lord, for thy Name sake grant us this,
Thou art our strength, O Saviour Christ
Of thee to speed how should we miss,
In whom our Treasure doth consist ?
To thee forevermore be praise,
With the Father in each respect :
And with the Holy Spirit always,
The Comforter of Thine Elect.

An Hymn to this Tune.
M Y God, to thee our selves we owe,
And to Thy bounty all we have :
Behold to Thee our Praises bow,
And humbly Thy acceptance crave.

If we are happy in a Friend,
That very Friend 'tis Thou bestow'st :
His pow'r, his will, to help our end
Is just so much as Thou allow'st.
If we enjoy a free Estate,
Our only Title is from Thee :
Thou mad'st our lot to bear that rate,
Which else an empty blank would be.
If we have health that well-tun'd ground
Which gives the Musick to the rest :
It is by Thee our Ayre is sound,
Our Food secur'd, our Physick blest.
If we have hopes one day to view
The Glories of Thy Blessed Face :
Each drop of that refreshing dew
Must fall from Heaven, & thy free grace.
Thou then to Thee, our praises bow,
And humbly Thy acceptance crave :
Since 'tis to Thee our selves we owe,
And to Thy bounty all we have.
Glory to Thee great God alone
Three Persons in one Deity :
As it has been in Ages gone,
May now and still for ever be.

Lord to thee I make my moan, When dangers me oppress :

I call, I sigh, plain and groan, Trusting to find re-lease.

Hear now O Lord, my Re-quest, for it is full due time :

And let thine ears aye be prest, Un-to this pray-er mine.

O Lord, our God, if thou weigh,
Our sins, and them peruse :
Who shall then escape, and say,
I can my self excuse ?
But Lord thou art merciful,
And turn't to us thy grace :
That we with hearts most careful,
Should fear before thy face.

In God I put my whole trust,
My soul waits on his will :
For his promise is most just,
And I hope therein still.
My soul to God hath regard,
Nothing for him alway :
More than they that watch and ward,
To see the dawning day.

Let Israel then boldly
In the Lord, put his trust :
He is that God of mercy,
That his deliver must.
For he it is that must save
Israel from his sin :
And all such as surely have
Their confidence in him.

An Hymn.
Now, my soul, the Day is gone
which in the Morn was thine :
Now its glaz no more shall run,
its Sun no longer shine.
True, alas ! the day is gone,
O, were it only so :
It's not lost as well as done ?
cast up thy counts and know.

From what Vice have we refrain'd,
to break the curse of Sin ?
What new Virtue have we gain'd
to make us rich within.
That our last and happi'st hour,
which brings us to our home :
Where we sing, and bless the pow'r
that made us thither come.

O my God ! of Life and Death
the Everlasting King :
Since thou giv'st to all their breath,
may all Thy Glory sing.
Glory, Honour, Pow'r and Praise
to the Mysterious Three :
As at first beginning was,
may now and ever be.

Lord to thee I make my moan, When dangers me oppress :

I call, I sigh, plain and groan, Trusting to find re-lease.

Hear now O Lord, my re-quest, for it is full due time :

And let thine ears aye be prest, Un-to this prayer mine.

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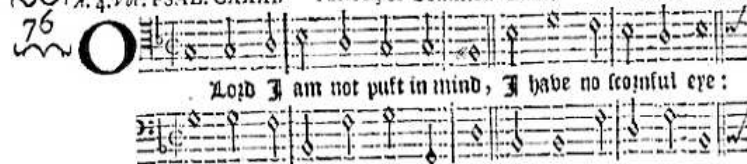
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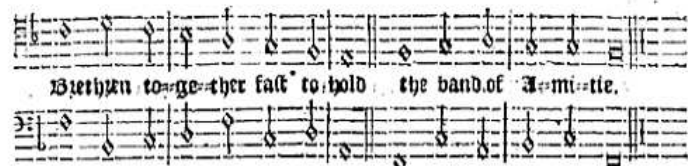
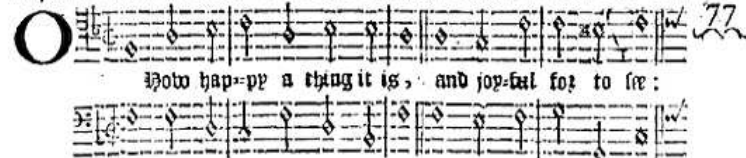
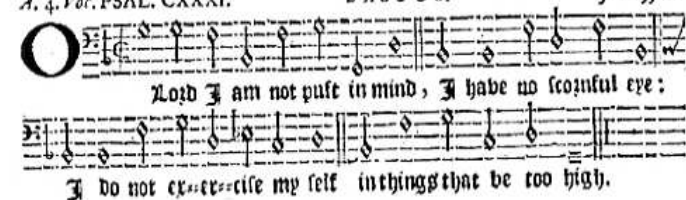
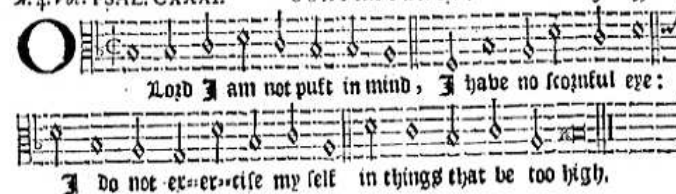
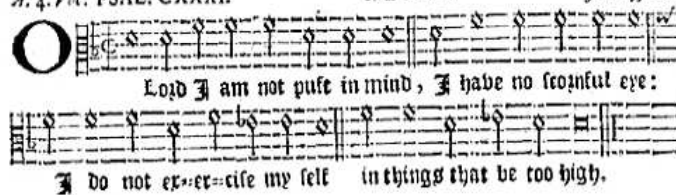
Hear now O Lord, my re-quest, for it is full due time :

And let thine ears aye be prest, Un-to this prayer mine.



But as the child that weaned is,
e'en from his Mother's Breast;
So have I Lord behav'd my self,
in silence and in rest.

Israel trust in the Lord,
let him be all thy stay;
From this time forth forevermore,
from Age to Age I say.

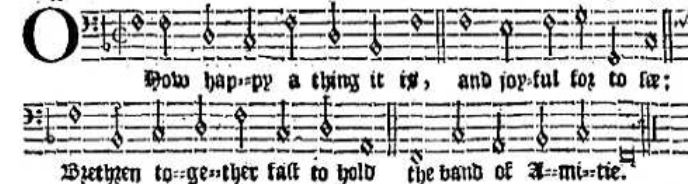
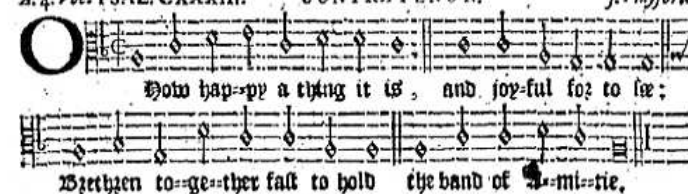
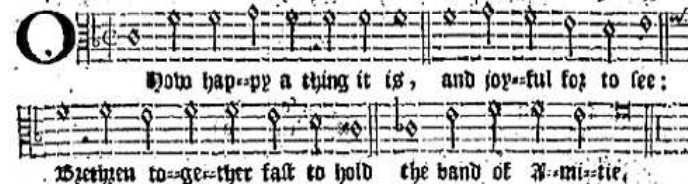


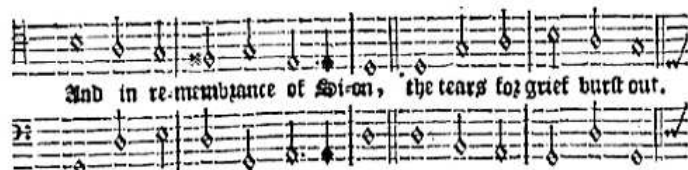
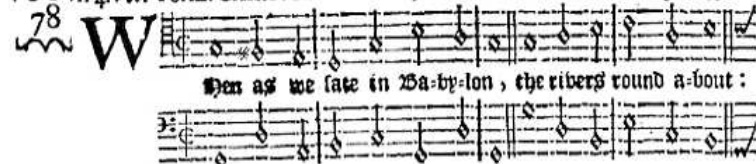
It calls to mind the sweet perfume,
and that costly Oymment:
Which on the Sacrificers head
by Gods precept was spent.

And as the lower ground doth drink
the dew of Hermon Hill:
And Sion with his Silver drops
the field with fruit doth fill.

It wet not Barons head alone,
but drench'd his beard throughout:
And finally it did run down
his rich attire about.

E'en to the Lord doth pour on them
his blessings manifold: (guile
whose hearts and minds without all
this knot do keep and hold.





Then they to whom we prisoners were
said to us tauntingly:
Now let us hear your Hebrew songs,
and pleasant melody.
Alas, said we, who can once frame,
his sorrowful heart to sing
The praises of our loving God,
thus under a strange King!

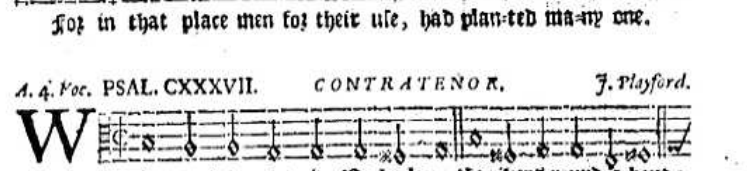
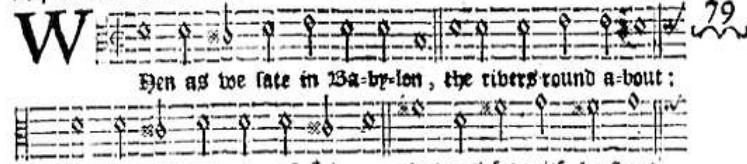
But yet if I Jerusalem,
out of my heart let slide:
Then let my fingers quite forget
the warbling Harpe to guide.
And let my tongue within my mouth,
be tied for ever fast:
If that I joy before I see
thy full deliverance past.

Therefore, O Lord, remember now,
the cursed noise and cry:
That Edoms Sons against us made,
when they rais'd our City.
Remember, Lord, their cruel words,
when as with one accord: (walls)
They cry'd, We, sack, and raze their
in despite of the Lord.

Ev'n so shalt thou, O Babylon,
at length to dust be brought:
And happy shall that man be call'd,
that our revenge hath wrought.
Yea, blessed shall that man be call'd
that takes thy children young:
To dash their bones against hard
which lye the streets among. (bones)

Another, Psalm CXXVI. To this Tune.
When Sion's bondage God turn'd back,
as men that dream'd were we:
Then fill'd with laughter was our mouth,
our tongue with melody.
They 'mong the Heathen said, the Lord
great things for them hath wrought:
The Lord hath done great things for us,
whence joy to us is brought.

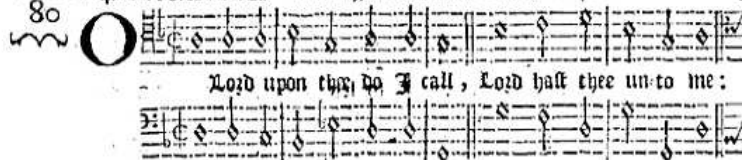
As streams of water in the South,
our bondage, Lord, recal:
Who sow in Tears, a reaping time
of Joy, enjoy they shall.
That man, who bearing precious seed
in going forth doth mourn,
He doubtless, bringing back his sheaves
rejoicing shall return.



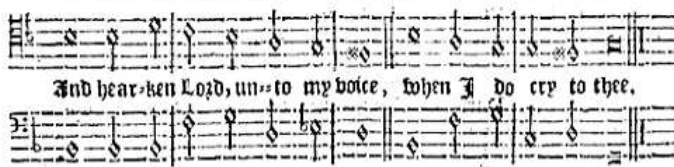
Then as we late in Ba-by-lon, the rivers round a-bout:
And in re-membrance of Si-on, the tears for grief burst out.
We hang'd our Harps and In-struments, the Willow trees up-on:
For in that place men for their use, had plan-ted ma-ny one.



We hang'd our Harps and In-struments, the Willow trees up-on:
For in that place men for their use, had plan-ted ma-ny one.



Lord upon thee do I call, Lord hast thee un-to me:



And hear-ken Lord, un-to my voice, when I do cry to thee.

As incense let my prayers be,
directed in thine eyes:
And the uplifting of my hands
an evening sacrifice.

O Lord, for guiding of my mouth,
set thou a watch before:
And also of my moving lips,
O Lord, keep thou the doer.

That I should wicked workers commit
incline thou not my heart:
With ill men of their delicacies,
Lord let me eat no part.

But let the righteous smite me Lord,
for that is good for me:
Let him reprove me, and the same
a precious oil shall be.

Such smiting shall not break my head,
the time shall shortly fall:
When I shall in their misery
make prayers for them all.

Then when in stony places down
their Judges shall be cast: (then,
Then shall they hear my words, for
they have a pleasant taste.

Our bones about the graves's mouth
loose scatter'd are they found:
As he that heareth wood, or he
that diggeth up the ground.

But O my Lord my God, mine eyes
do look up unto thee:
In thee is all my trust, let not
my soul forsaken be.

Which they have laid to catch me in,
Lord keep me from the snare:
And from the subtil gins of them
that wicked workers are.

The wicked into their own nets
together let them fall:
While I do by thy help escape
the danger of them all.

Answer to this Tune.
PSAL. CXXXIX.

O Lord thou hast me search'd & known,
my sitting down thou know'st:
My rising up, my thoughts each one,
thou see'st, when distant most.

Thou compassedst my path, my bed,
and all my wayes dost note:
There's not a word my tongue hath said,
but thou dost fully know't.

Behind, before, thou hast beset,
and on me laid thy hand:
Such knowledge is too great to get,
too high to understand.

Where from thy Spirit shall I go,
or from thy presence fly?
Make I my bed in Hell below,
or climb to Heaven high?

Behold thou art in each of these,
if morning-wings me bear
To dwell in parts of utmost Seas:
thy hand shall lead me there.

There thy right hand shall hold me fast,
and if I lay dark night
Shall cover me with Skies o're-cast;
all shall surround with light.

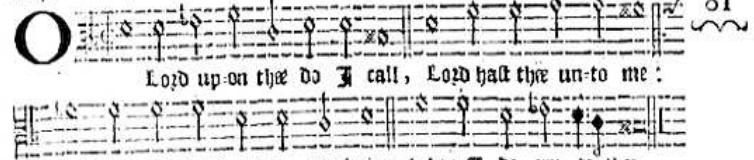
Yea, darkness hides not from thy sight,
but night and day shines clear:
To thee, the darkness and the light
do both alike appear.

For thou hast pow'rfully possess'd
my reins most secret room:
And cover'd in the secretest,
my Mothers narrow Womb.

I'll praise thee, that hast made me thus,
of rare and fearful frame:
Thy handy-works are marvellous,
well knows my soul the same.

My substance was not hid from thee,
when secretly compos'd:
Most curiously thou formed'st me,
in earth dark caves inclos'd.

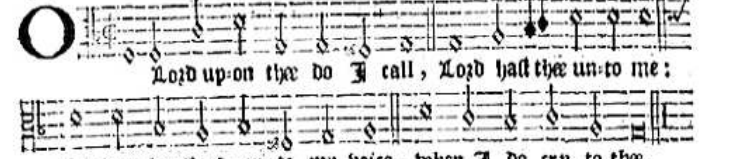
Thine



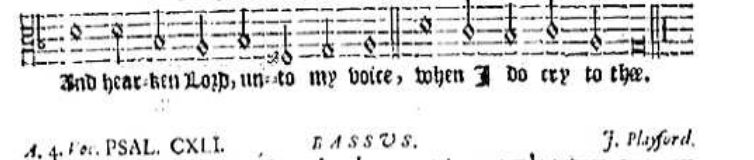
Lord up-on thee do I call, Lord hast thee un-to me:



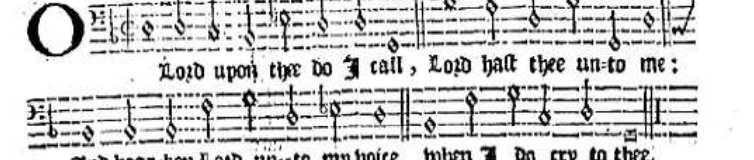
And hear-ken Lord, un-to my voice, when I do cry to thee.



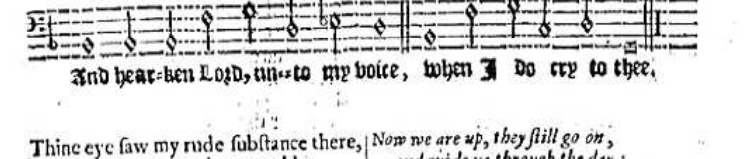
Lord up-on thee do I call, Lord hast thee un-to me:



And hear-ken Lord, un-to my voice, when I do cry to thee.



Lord upon thee do I call, Lord hast thee un-to me:



And hear-ken Lord, un-to my voice, when I do cry to thee.

Thine eye saw my rude substance there,
thy Book my members nam'd:
Which in continuance fashion'd were,
whilst yet they were not fram'd.

How precious I thy thoughts account,
O God, how great's their sum:
The sands in number they surmount,
if they to reck'ning come.

And whensoever I awake,
Lord I am still with thee:
And know that thou revenge wilt take
on them that wicked be.

W. B.

A Hymn for the Morning.

Come lets adore the Gracious hand,
that brought us to this light:
That gave his Angels strict command
to be our guard this night.

When we laid down our weary head,
and sleep seal'd up our eye:
They stood and watch'd about our bed
to let no harm come nigh.

Now we are up, they still go on,
and guide us through the day:
They never leave their charge alone,
what e're besets our way.

And, O my Soul, how many snares
lie spread before our feet!
In all our joyes, in all our cares,
some danger still we meet.

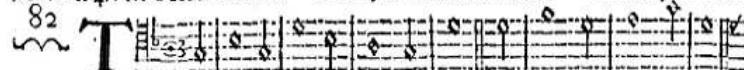
Sometimes the sin does us o're take,
and on our weakness win:
Sometimes our selves our ruin make,
and we o'retake the sin.

O Save us, Lord, from all those darts
That seek our souls to slay:
Save us, from us, and our false hearts,
lest we our selves betray.

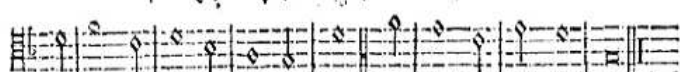
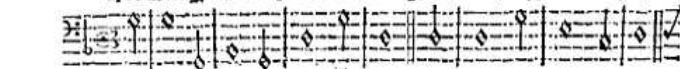
Save us, O Lord, to thee we cry,
from whom all blessings spring:
We on thy grace alone rely,
alone thy glory sing.

Glory to Thee, Eternal Lord,
thrice Blessed Three in One!
Thy Name at all times be ador'd,
fill time it self be done.

X



Hee will I laud my God and King, and bleſs thy name for aye :



For e-ber will I praile thy name, and bleſs thee day by day.



Great is the Lord moſt worthy praile
his greatneſſe none can reach :
From race to race they ſhall thy works
praile, and thy power preach.
Of thy glorious Maieſty,
thy beauty will record :
And meditate upon thy works,
moſt wonderful O Lord.
And they ſhall of thy power and of
thy fearful acts declare :
And I to publiſh all abroad,
thy greatneſſe will not ſpare.
And they into the mention ſhall
break off thy goodneſſe great :
And I aloud thy righteouſneſſe
in ſinging ſhall repeat.
The Lord our God is gracious,
and merciful alſo :
Of great abounding mercy, and
to anger he is ſlow.

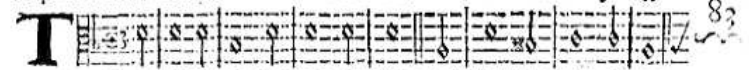
Pea good to all, and all his works
his mercy doth exceed :
No all the works do praile thee Lord,
and do thy honour ſpread.
Thy Saints do bleſs thee, & they do
thy kingdoms glory ſhow :
And blaze thy power, to cauſe the ſons
of men his power to know.
And of his mighty kingdom ſing,
to ſpread the glorious praile :
Thy kingdom Lord, a kingdom is,
that doth endure alwaies.
And thy dominion through each age
endures without decay :
The Lord upholdeth them that fall,
their ſiding he doth ſay.
The eyes of all do wait on thee,
thou doſt them all relieve :
And thou to each ſuffering ſoul,
in ſeaſon due doſt give.
Thou openeſt thy bounteous hand,
and bounteouſly doſt fill :
All things whatſoever doth live,
with gifts of thy good will.

The Lord is juſt in all his wayes,
his works are holy all :
Hee will hee that call on him,
in truth that on him call.
He the deſires which they require,
that fear him will fulfill :
And he will hear them when they cry,
and ſave them all he will.
The Lord preſerves all thoſe to him,
that bear a loving heart :
But he all them that wicked are,
will utterly ſubvert.
My thankful mouth ſhall gladly ſpeak,
the praiſes of the Lord :
All ſeeth to praile his holy Name,
for eber ſhall accord.

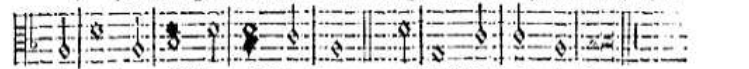
Another, Psalm V. To this Tune.

Lord to my words encline thine ear
my meditation weigh :
My King, my God, vouchſafe to hear
my cry, to thee I pray.
Thou in the morn ſhalt have my mone,
for in the morn will I
Direct my prayers to thy Throne,
and thither liſt mine eye.
Thou art a God whoſe puritie
cannot in ſins delight :
No evil Lord ſhall dwell with thee,
nor fools ſtand in thy ſight.
Thou haſt thoſe that unjuſtly do :
thou ſlay 'ſt the man that lye :
The bloody man, the falſe one too,
ſhall be abhor'd by thee.
But in th' abundance of thy Grace,
will I to thee draw near :
And toward thy moſt Holy place
will worſhip thee in fear.
Lord lead me in thy righteouſneſſe,
becauſe of all my foes :
And to my dym and ſinful eyes,
thy perfect way diſcloſe.

For

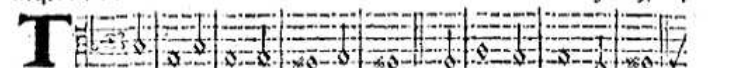


Hee will I laud my God and King, and bleſs thy name for aye :

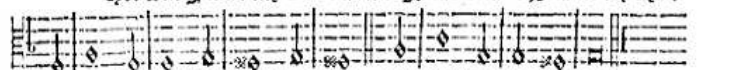


For e-ber will I praile thy name, and bleſs thee day by day.

A. 4. Voc. PSAL. CXLV. CONTRATENOR. J. Playford.

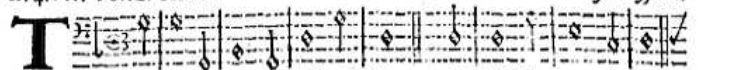


Hee will I laud my God and King, and bleſs thy name for aye :

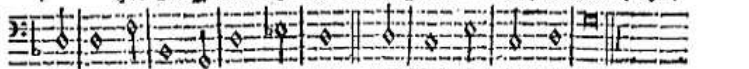


For e-ber will I praile thy name, and bleſs thee day by day.

A. 4. Voc. PSAL. CXLV. BASSUS. J. Playford.



Hee will I laud my God and King, and bleſs thy name for aye :



For e-ber will I praile thy name, and bleſs thee day by day.

- For wickedneſſe their inſides are,
their mouths no truth retain.
Their throat an open Sepulcher
their flattering tongues do ſain.
Destroy them, Lord, and by their own
bad counſels let them fall :
In hight of their tranſgreſſion,
O Lord, reject them all.
Becaue againſt thy Maieſty,
they vainly have rebell'd :
But let all thoſe that truſt in thee
with perfect joy be fill'd.
Yea, ſhout for joy for evermore
protected ſtill by thee :
Let them that do thy name adore,
in that ſtill joyful bee.
For God doth righteous men eſteem,
and them for ever bleſs.
His favour ſhall encompaſſe them,
a ſhield in their diſtreſs.

It is ſweet, and toſt for wealth,
or ſport our time away :
That thou preſerveſt us ſtill in health,
and giu'ſt us this new day.

No, no unſkilful ſoul, not ſo,
be not deceiv'd with toys :
Thy Lord's commands more wiſely go
and aim at higher joys.

They bid us wake to ſeek new grace,
and ſome freſh virtue gain :
They call us up to mend our pace
till we the prize attain.

That glorious prize for which all run,
who wiſely ſpend their breath,
Who when this weary life is done,
are ſure of reſt in death.

Not ſuch a reſt as here we prove,
diſturb'd with cares and fears :
But endleſſe joy, and peace, and love ;
unmixt with grief and tears.

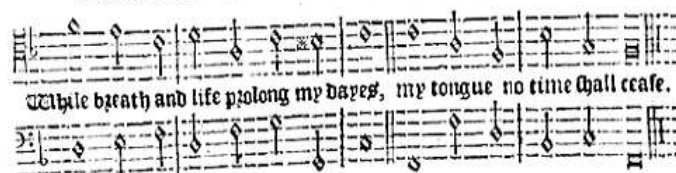
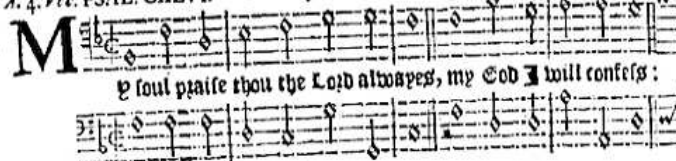
G. H. Glory to thee, O bounteous Lord !
who giu'ſt to all things breath :
Glory to thee, Eternal Word,
who ſav'ſt us by thy death.

Glory, O Bleſſed Spirit to thee,
who fill'ſt our ſouls with love :
Glory to all the Myſtick three,
who Reigns one God above.

Y 2

An Hymn.

Lord, we again liſt up our eyes,
and leave our ſluggiſh Beds :
But why we wake, or why we riſe,
come ſeldom in our heads.



Trust not in worldly Princes then,
though they abound in wealth:
For in the Sons of mortal men
in whom there is no health.

For why? their breath doth soon depart
to earth anon they fall:
And then the counsels of their hearts
decay and perish all.

O happy is that man, I say,
whom Jacobs God doth aid.
And he whose hope doth not decay,
but on the Lord is laid.

Which made the earth and waters
the Heavens high withal: (keep,
Which doth his word and promise
in truth, and ever shall.

With right always doth he proceed,
for such as suffer wrong:
The poor and hungry he doth feed,
and loose the fetters strong.

The Lord doth send the blind their
the lame to limbs restore:
The Lord (I say) doth love the right,
and just man evermore.

He doth defend the fatherless,
and strangers sad in heart:
And quit the widow from distress,
and all mens ways subvert.

Thy Lord and God eternally,
O Sign still shall reign:
In time of all posterity,
for ever to remain.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
all glory be therefore:
As in beginning was, is now,
and shall be evermore.

Another Translation.
TO God (my soul) his praises give,
and bless him whilst I live:
I will to him my thanks up send,
until my being end.

Put not in Princes any trust,
Nor in the Sons of dust:
Who nor themselves, nor others save
from the devouring grave.

Soon as man breathless do remain,
he turns to earth again,
And, as his time of life expires,
so perish his desires.

O therefore happy he, whose faith
on God reliance hath:
Who makes the fear of him his scope,
and object of his hope.

He Heav'n and earth and sea did frame,
with all that those contain:
And when their form is quite defaced,
His truth shall ever last.

He doth the wronged help to right,
who are oppress'd by might:
Feeds those that are to want expos'd,
and hath the Captives loos'd.

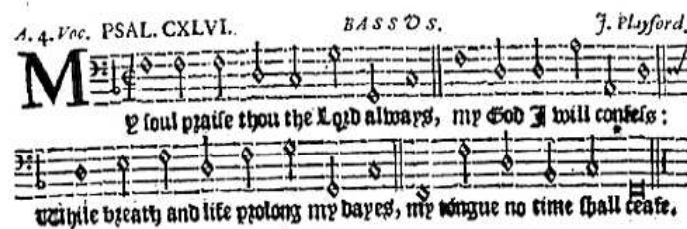
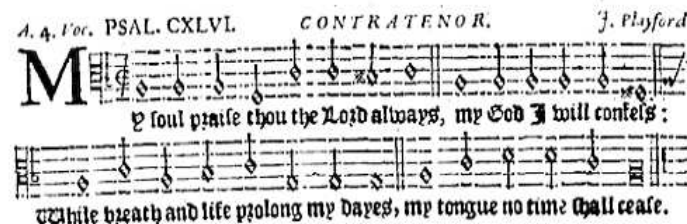
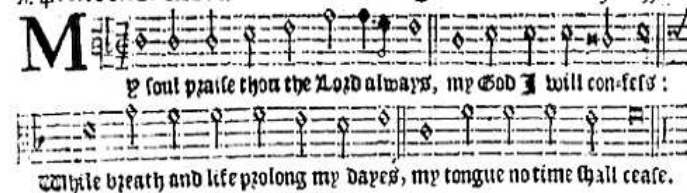
He to the blind restores their eyes,
he makes the fall'n to rise:
He upon such bestows his care,
who just and faithful are.

The Lord all strangers doth receive,
and fatherless relieve:
When wicked men are overthrow'n,
and all their hopes cast down.

The Lord thy God, O Zion, reigns,
his Glory still remains:
Then to thy everlasting King
Eternal praises sing.

All Glory, Honour, Power and Praise
to our great God on high:
As first beginning was, is now,
and to Eternity.

H. K.



A Hymn. To this Tune.

Fin would my thoughts fly up to thee,
thy peace sweet Lord to find,
But when I offer, still the world
layers clogs upon my mind.

Sometimes I climb a little way,
and thence look down below:
How nothing, there, do all things seem
that here make such a show.

Then round about I turn mine eyes
to feast my hungry sight:
I meet with Heav'n in every thing,
in every thing delight.

I see thy Wisdom ruling all,
and it with joy admire:
I see myself among such hopes
as set my heart on fire.

When I have thus Triumph'd a while,
and think to build my nest:
Some cross conceits come fluttering by
and interrupt my rest.

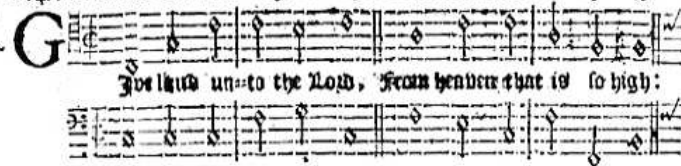
Then to the Earth again I fall,
and from my low dust cry,
Twas not my Wing, Lord, but Thine,
that I got up so high.

And now my God, whether I rise;
or still lie down in dust:
Both I submit to thy blest will,
in both, on thee I trust.

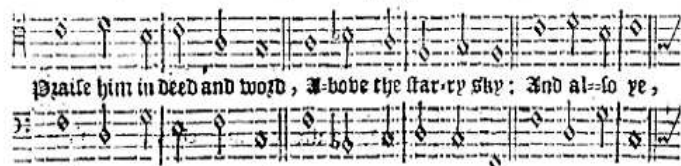
Guide Thou my way, who art Thyself
my Everlasting end:
That every step, or swift, or slow,
still to Thyself may tend.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
one Consubstantial Three:
All highest Praise, all humblest Thanks,
now, and for ever be.

Z



The laud un-to the Lord, From heav'n that is so high:



Praise him in deed and word, Above the star-ry sky: And al-so ye,



His Angels all Armies Royal, Praise him with Glee.

Praise him both Moon and Sun,
Which are so clear and bright:
The same of you be done,
Performing Works of light,
And eke no less,
Ye Heavens fair,
And Clouds of the air,
His laud express.

For at his word they were
All formed as we see:
At his voice did appear
All things in these degree,
Which be set fast,
To them he made
A Law and Trade
For aye to last.

Extol and praise Gods Name,
On earth ye Dragons tell;
All deeps do ye the same,
For it becomes you well.
Him magnify,
Fire, Hail, Ice, Snow,
And storms that blow
At his decree.

The Hills and Mountains all
And Trees that fruitful are:
The Cedars great and tall,
His worthy praise declare.

Beasts and Cattel,
Ye Birds flying,
And Worms creeping,
That on earth dwell,

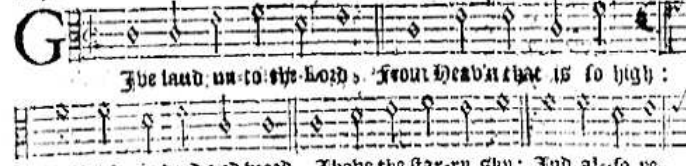
All Kings both more and less,
With all their pompous train:
Princes and all Judges
That in the world remain,
Exalt his Name.
Young Men and Maids,
Old Men and Brides,
Do ye the same.

For his Name shall we prove
To be most excellent,
Whose praise is far above
The Earth and Firmament.

For sure he shall
Exalt with bliss
The horn of his,
And help them all.

His Saints all shall forth-tell
His praise and worthiness:
The Children of Israel,
Each one both more and less.

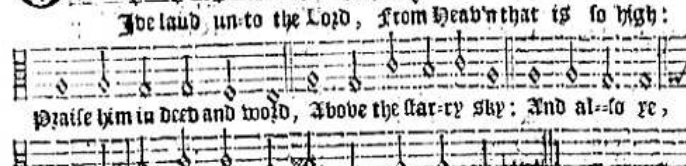
And also they
That with good will
His words fulfill,
And him obey.



The laud un-to the Lord, From heav'n that is so high:

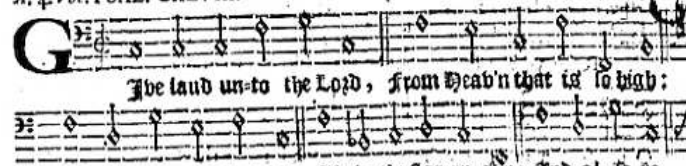


Praise him in deed and word, Above the star-ry sky: And al-so ye,

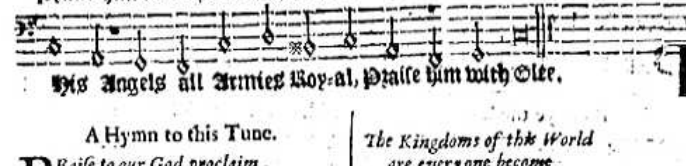


His Angels all Armies Royal, Praise him with Glee.

A. 4. Voc. PSAL. CXLVIII. CONTRA TENOR. J. Playford.



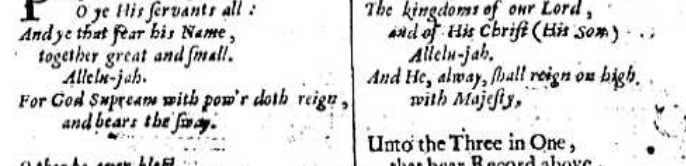
The laud un-to the Lord, From heav'n that is so high:



Praise him in deed and word, Above the star-ry sky: And al-so ye,

His Angels all Armies Royal, Praise him with Glee.

A. 4. Voc. PSAL. CXLVIII. CONTRA TENOR. J. Playford.

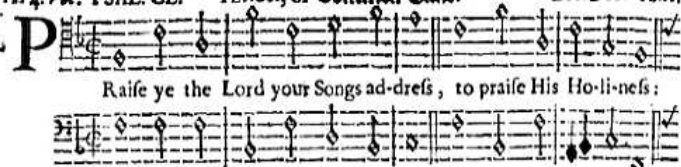


A Hymn to this Tune.
Praise to our God proclaim,
O ye His servants all:
And ye that fear his Name,
together great and small.
Allelu-jah.
For God Supreme with pow'r doth reign,
and bears the sway.
O they be ever bless'd,
that shall be call'd unto
The Lamb's great Marriage Feast.
These are Gods words most true.
Allelu-jah.
Strength, glory, pow'r, and fame, to our
Lord God alway.

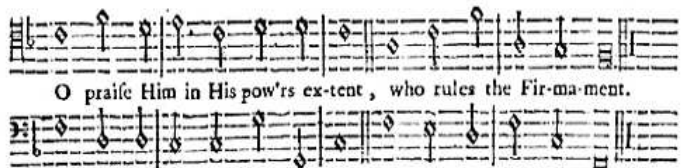
The Kingdoms of the World
are everyone become
The kingdoms of our Lord,
and of His Christ (His Son)
Allelu-jah.
And He, alway, shall reign on high
with Majesty.

Unto the Three in One,
that bear Record above,
The Father and the Son,
and Holy Spirit of Love,
be Glory high,
As first begun, so shall be done
Eternally.

88 A 4. Voc. PSAL. CL. TENOR, or Common Tune. LONDON Tune.



Raise ye the Lord your Songs ad-dress, to praise His Ho-li-ness:



O praise Him in His pow'rs ex-tent, who rules the Fir-ma-ment.

Praise Him for all His acts of might,
our wonder which invite:
In praises due, his greatness tell,
which all things doth excel.

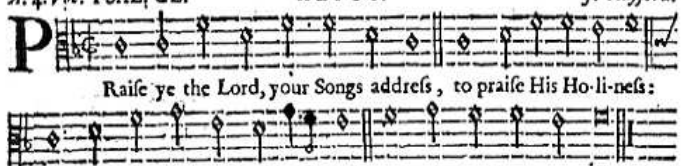
Praise Him with Timbrels and advance
His honour in the Dance:
Praise him with Organs, Viols, Flutes,
and the well-stringed Lutes.

Praise Him with trumpets lofty sound,
with Cornets shake the ground:
His praise the Psaltery inspire,
with the melodious Lyre.

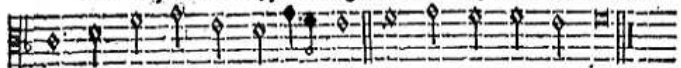
With Cymbals loud Him Magnifie,
praise Him on Cymbals high:
Let ev'ry Creature that hath breath
His Maker praise till death.

H. K.

A 4. Voc. PSAL. CL. ALTUS. J. Playford.

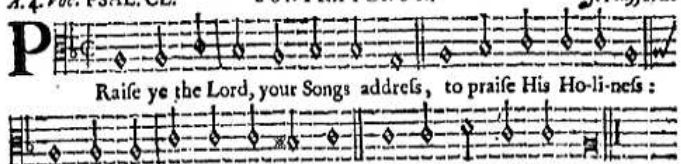


Raise ye the Lord, your Songs address, to praise His Ho-li-ness:

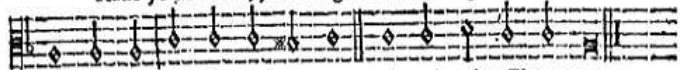


O praise Him in His pow'rs ex-tent, who rules the Fir-ma-ment.

A 4. Voc. PSAL. CL. CONTRATENOR. J. Playford.

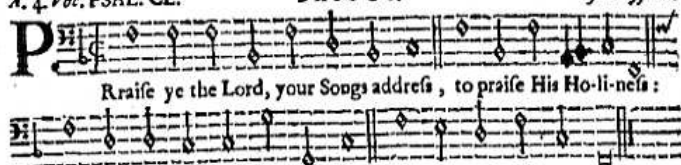


Raise ye the Lord, your Songs address, to praise His Ho-li-ness:

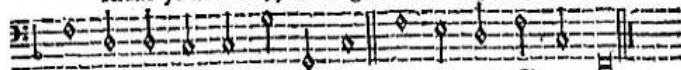


O praise Him in His pow'rs ex-tent, who rules the Fir-ma-ment.

A 4. Voc. PSAL. CL. BASSUS. J. Playford.

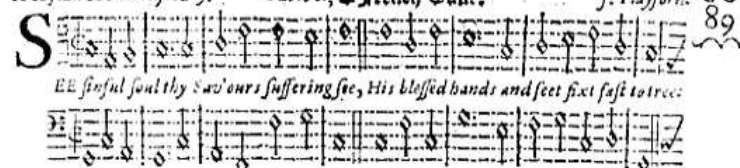


Raise ye the Lord, your Songs address, to praise His Ho-li-ness:

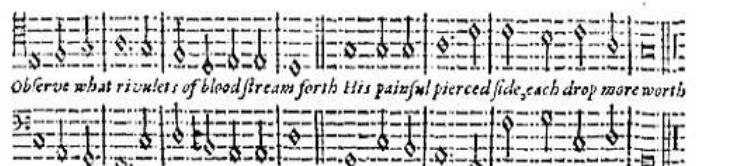


O praise Him in His pow'rs ex-tent, who rules the Fir-ma-ment.

A Hymn for Goodfriday. TENOR, & French Tune. J. Playford.



EE sinful soul thy Sav'ours suffering see, His blessed hands and feet fixt fast to trees:



Observe what rivulets of blood stream forth His painful pierced side, each drop more worth

Than Tongue of Men and Angels can express:
Hast to him, cursed Caitife, and confesse
All thy misdeeds, and sighing say, 'twas I,
That caus'd thee thus my Lord my Christ to dye.

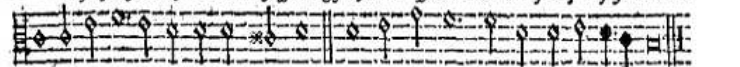
O let Thy death secure my soul from fears,
And I will wash Thy Wounds with brinish Tears:
Grant me, sweet Jeshu, from thy precious store,
One Cleansing drop, with Grace to sin no more.

W. Stroud D. D.

A 4. Voc. A Hymn. ALTUS. J. Playford.

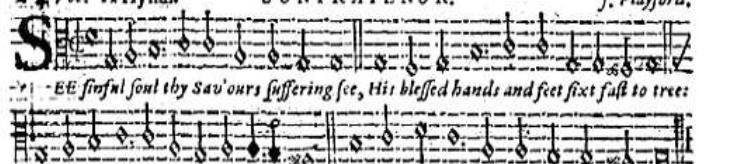


EE sinful soul thy Sav'ours suffering see, His blessed hands and feet fixt fast to trees:

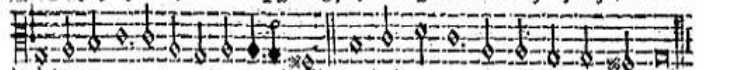


Observe what rivulets of blood stream forth His painful pierced side, each drop more worth

A 4. Voc. A Hymn. CONTRATENOR. J. Playford.



EE sinful soul thy Sav'ours suffering see, His blessed hands and feet fixt fast to trees:

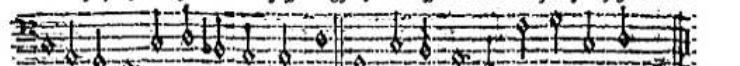


Observe what rivulets of blood stream forth His painful pierced side, each drop more worth

A 4. Voc. A Hymn. BASSUS. J. Playford.



EE sinful soul thy Sav'ours suffering see, His blessed hands and feet fixt fast to trees:



Observe what rivulets of blood stream forth His painful pierced side, each drop more worth

Here ends the Psalms with four Parts.

90 Here followeth six Divine Songs for One Voice to
the Organ, Lute, or Viol.

PSAL. 1. Mr. Sam. Woodfords Translation.

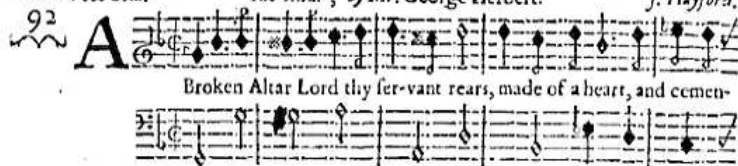
T Hrice happy man who in the beaten wayes of careless sinners ne-ver
blindly strays in the Assemblies, nor maintains their part, their Scoffs, or
their debates will hear: But leave the place as well as chear, and keeps his
ears as guiltless as his heart; Who in th' Almightyes Law his age doth spend,
grows old in that which will his age commend. By day he reads it, meditates ar-
night; makes it his guide, makes it his stay, his greatest business night and day,
but lets his business makes it than delight.

Voice Solo.

On a quiet Conscience.

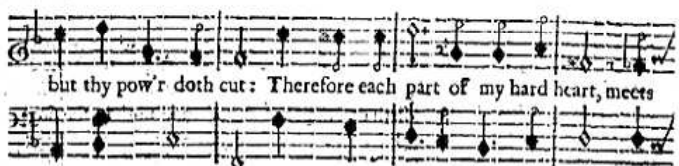
J. Playford.

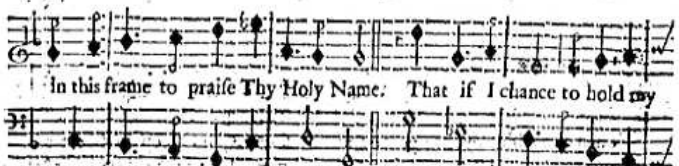
C Lose thine eyes and sleep secure, Thy Soul is safe, thy Body sure:
He that guards thee, He thee keeps, Who ne-ver slumbers, ne-ver sleeps.
A quiet Conscience in a quiet brest, Has only peace, has on-ly rest.
The Musick and the Mirth of Kings are out of tune un-less the sings,
Then close thine eyes in peace and rest se-cure, no sleep so sweet as
thine, no rest so sure.

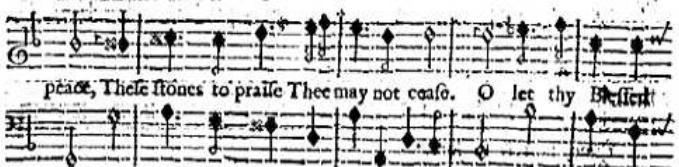
92 **A**  Broken Altar Lord thy ser-vant rears, made of a heart, and cemen-

 ted with tears: Whose parts are as thy hand did frame, no work-mans

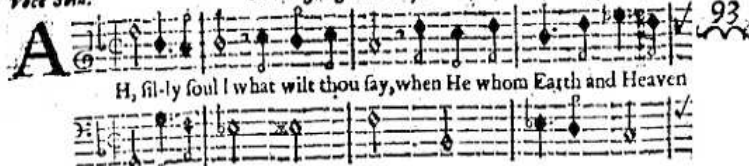
 tool hath touch'd the same. A heart a-lone, is such a stone, as nothing

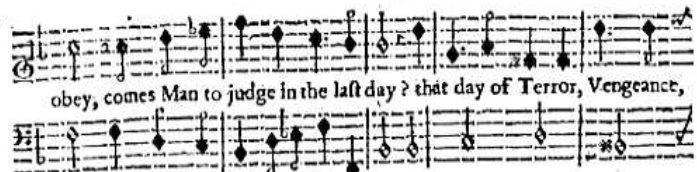
 but thy pow'r doth cut: Therefore each part of my hard heart, meets

 In this frame to praise Thy Holy Name: That if I chance to hold my

 place, These stones to praise Thee may not cease. O let thy Bless'd

 Sacrifice be mine, And Sanctify this Altar to be thine.

A  H, fil-ly soul I what wilt thou say, when He whom Earth and Heaven

 obey, comes Man to judge in the last day? that day of Terror, Vengeance,

 Ire, but to prevent, thou should'st desire, and to thy God in hast retire.

 O Then sweet Je-su call to mind how of thy pains I was shew'd and how I die

 favour that day first, that I one of thy com-pany, with those whom

 Thou dost just-ly, may live in blest Ever-ni-ty

H The mercy on us Lord, and grant to us thy grace: To shew to

us do thou accord, the brightness of thy face. That all the earth

may know the way to Godly wealth: And all the Nations on a Roto,

may see thy saving health. Let all the world, O God, give praise un-

to Thy Name: O let the people all abroad, extol and laud the same.

Throughout the world so wide, let all rejoice with mirth: For thou wilt

truth

truth and right dost guide the Na-ti-ons of the earth. Let all the

World, O God, give praise unto thy Name: O let the people all a-broad

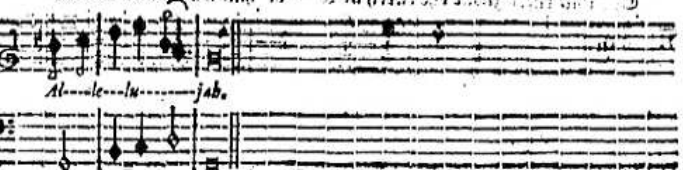
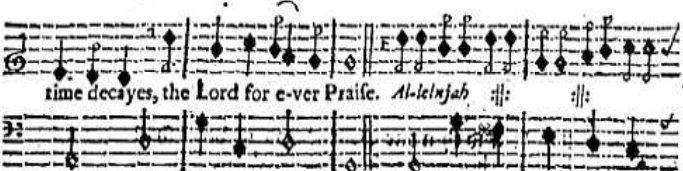
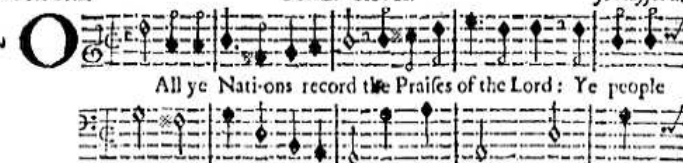
ex-tol and laud the same. Then shall the earth in-crease, great stores of

fruit shall fall: And then our God the God of peace shall bless us

the with-al. God shall us bless, I say, and then both far and near:

The folk throughout the earth al-way, of him shall stand in fear.

B b 1



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4 On the Judgment day.	93
5 Have mercy on us Lord.	94
6 O all ye Nations record	96

Gloria Patri. Four Parts.

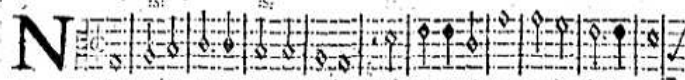
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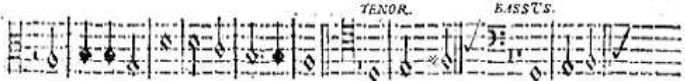
FINIS.

96
180

A 3. Voc. A Canon In the 4th and 8th below. Psalm 115. *Verf. Prim.*



On no-bis Do-mi-ne non no-bis, Sed no-mi-ni tu-o da Glo-ri-am.



Sed no-mi-ni tu-o da Glo-ri-am. Non no-bis, &c. Non no-bis, &c.

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